

OUR  
TREASURE  
CHEST

UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL



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THE  
GAMMANS POETRY  
COLLECTION



In Memory of  
GEORGE H. GAMMANS, II  
Class of 1940  
First Lieutenant Army Air Corps  
Distinguished Service Cross  
Missing in Action January 15, 1943

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OUR  
TREASURE CHEST

FOR  
GIRLS AND BOYS

BY  
MRS. WALTER T. GRIFFIN

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NEW YORK  
UNION PUBLISHING HOUSE

1887

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## INTRODUCTION.

S CHILDREN are readily attracted, and will always listen to pretty stories, one of the best methods with which to reach their minds and hearts will be found in illustrated story books. The more simple, the better. They will accomplish the purpose to a most desirable extent if every story, every picture is set for the moral lesson.

It is not necessary to make a child acquainted with evil that he might be led to choose the good. It is important, however, that pure sentiment and wholesome truth be inculcated. Fortify the mind and heart with the defences of virtue and the world's evil will have by far a smaller chance. He who clearly apprehends this will not ask that the writer apologize in the least for preparing this little "Treasure Chest" for our girls and boys.

It is written to amuse, though the object of training a child in the way he should go is not lost sight of.

Many times a parent is puzzled by the anxious inquiry, "please Mamma find me a piece to recite." Much difficulty is experienced in getting something suitable for Sabbath School Anniversaries, Christmas festivals and such occasions.

The last few pages have been reserved for a number of carefully selected recitations, and the writer hopes that the whole book will prove both healthful and hopeful for the little ones. It is sent forth on its mission with the prayer that our children be guided unto better things of the Kingdom of Heaven.



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THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

# OUR TREASURE CHEST.

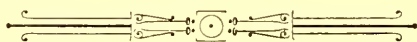


## The Christmas Tree.

 WAS the night before Christmas," when, after mamma had tucked her little ones snugly in bed, that papa went out to the store and brought home a large Christmas tree. This was more than the little ones expected. How happy they were as they closed their eyes to sleep that night, thinking of the morrow when each one would do his and her best to be up first in the morning and wish each other a "Merry Christmas." Of the little group in the picture, who do you think was the first to open their eyes. Well, it was Georgie, the little fellow putting the flag in the top of the tree. They did not know that the tree was all ready filled with toys down stairs, but each one rushed to their stockings to see if Santa Claus had forgotten them. Not a thing in them! Can you imagine their disappointment as they looked in their stockings and found them empty?



Georgie was not old enough to realize that Santa Claus had passed them by, but the others were. They didn't begin to cry, as some children would have done, but quietly thought he might come later. Passing down stairs to breakfast, Katie stubbed her toe, and falling against the parlor door, forced it open, and then and there the children spied the Christmas tree, full of beautiful presents. There was a horse for Georgie, a rabbit for Katie, a dollie for Susie, and something for each one. There were so many presents, the tree could not hold them. What a happy band of children as they gathered round the tree after breakfast and received their gifts, not forgetting to thank their Heavenly Father for his goodness.



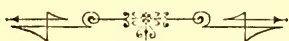
### “Almosts.”

**A**LMOSTS stand on the brink of every great temporal advantage which the world has ever known. There are those who have *almost* conquered an evil habit, yet have relapsed, and have become wholly lost under its influence. There have been those who have been *almost* in time, yet have been, nevertheless, wholly left behind. And there have been those who have been *almost* saved, but who have turned back and become wholly lost.

## A Fearful Estimate.

**I**T is estimated that in the United States and Territories, 130,000 places are licensed to sell spirituous liquors, and 300,000 persons are employed in these grog-shops. If we add to these the number employed in distilleries and wholesale liquor shops, we have about 670,000, while there are but 150,000 ministers and school-teachers. While one class is laboring to advance the country in moral and spiritual life, the other plies its work of death.

The clergymen cost the United States \$12,000,000 annually, the criminals \$40,000,000, the lawyers \$80,000,000, intoxicating drinks to satisfy and increase depraved appetites, \$700,000,000. The liquor traffic annually sends 200,000 children to a state worse than orphanage, and brings woe, disease, misery, crime, and premature death all over the land. The amount of taxes the liquor traffic thus wrenches from honest and industrious citizens it would be hard to compute.



**T**HREE happy he, whose path is that of the just, which, beaming brighter and brighter day by day, is lost at length in the noontide splendors of the Heavenly Glory!

## The Holly Bush.

**W**HAT a bright, happy little face is this. She looks as if she had been gathering some holly for the holidays, and expects to have a jolly time with it. How many happy children there are when Christmas draws near. There are Christmas trees to trim, holly wreaths to make, and every one's hands are busy about that time.


What fun it is to jump in a sleigh and take a ride to the woods, and gather the holly. There are sharp points on the leaves and they prick our fingers, but we don't care for that. The good time we have gathering it, and the fun going after it, makes it all right, and we think nothing of it. There are several kinds of holly. The American holly is found along the Atlantic coast, it being very abundant in Virginia and the States south of it. It is used in some places as an ornamental hedge plant, and the bright scarlet berries it bears, makes it a favorite plant for Christmas decorations. There are many specimens of holly in England, and they are used there as well as here in decorating churches. A great deal of the American holly is sold in New York market for the same use, it being brought from Long Island and Southern Jersey.





THE HOLLY BUSH.

## The Broken Ale-Jug.

HE old farmer sat down to his supper tired and hungry. His joint of meat was before him, which would relish all the better, he thought, with a drink of ale to wash it down.

“Go, my boy,” he said, “and fetch me home a jug of ale from Dick’s.”

Thomas went. The shop was full of idle fellows, and among them his older brother, who lived more in the beer-shops than he lived at home; more on beer than on bread; more on others than on himself; so that all he was good for was good-for-nothing, which is a sorry sort of excellence. Drink, *strong* drink, made him quarrelsome, and the sight of Thomas with his mug full of foaming ale, as it soon was, quickly excited him.

“Give me a swallow!” he cried roughly.

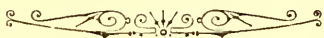
“No, you don’t,” said Thomas; “this is father’s;” and he was hastening out of the door, when Jed caught him by the arm; a tussle followed, ending not only in spilling the ale, but in spilling the jug also, which fell on the floor and cracked its bottom out. Thomas caught it up and hurried home with the story to his father. “Bottom’s out, is it?” said the old man, after a moment’s thinking, “well,” he

said, bringing down his hard fist with a bang upon the table, as if it meant something—"well, then, that's the last ale-jug for me. Put it down."

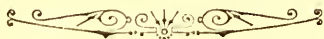
"Yes, father, but it will not hold anything."

"Thomas, that makes it the very best ale-jug for me, I say. If it had been the kind I had always used, your brother might never have been the poor creature he now is."

That is so. And if this is the best ale-jug, it is the best whisky-jug; and if it is the right pattern for a whisky-jug, is it not the best pattern for a gin-bottle, and a brandy-bottle, and a wine-bottle? Perhaps it is not exactly in style; but why not let reason and conscience and health and industry and Scripture sometimes set the fashion? I think they could be trusted, and in this matter we should, I doubt not, find them on the side of the old farmer's jug.



LET our destined port be the home of the blessed, the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.



LOOK around over your community, and see who they are that are most prospered in their temporal interests, happiest in their lives, and most respected in their characters.

## Little Make-Believe.

**N**ELLY is having a little frolic, all to her own self, with grandma's cap and spectacles. That is, she thinks it is all to herself, but she does not see, as I do, that grandma is looking on, and is very much amused. The picture does not show grandma, but she is there, just the same. Little girls like Nelly are very fond of dressing up, and making believe they are other folks. One such little girl wrote to me the other day, how she and a playmate, on a rainy afternoon, went up into "Aunt Chick's garret," and fixed up in long dresses, and then went down stairs, and pretended they were travellers, who wanted something to eat. Auntie gave them bananas, huckleberry pie, cheese, fresh bread, and gingerbread, which they carried into the garret and feasted on. When supper time came, they were not hungry.

But grandma is watching Nelly, and comes softly behind her, and puts her arms around her, and kisses her, saying, "I did just so when I was a little girl. Children to-day are very much like children were fifty or more years ago; but they will all grow old, if they live. May God bless you, my darling, and keep you pure and sweet as you are now; then, if He shall grant you old age, it will be peaceful and happy."





LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE.

## A Scene from Life.



YOUNG man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for a drink. "No," said the landlord, "you have had the delirium-tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more." He then stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other had stood by silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and addressed him. "Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now, sell me a few glasses more and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell to me, and let me die, and the world be rid of me; but for heaven's sake sell no more to them!" The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter he exclaimed, "God help me! this is the last drop I will ever sell to any one!" and he kept his word.

## Love One Another.



CHILDREN, do you love each other?

Are you always kind and true?

Do you always do to others

As you'd have them do to you?

Are you gentle to each other?

Are you careful day by day

Not to give offence by actions

Or by anything you say?

Little children, love each other;

Never give another pain;

If your brother speak in anger,

Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other;

Never spoil another's rest;

Strive to make another happy,

And you will yourselves be blest.



## Christmas.



AMMA, what is Christmas?" How can I say?

I will try to answer you "true as true."

It is just the loveliest, lovely day,

That is steeped in rose-color all the way through!

When miniature toy-shops in stockings are found,

That are left in the chambers without a sound;

And papa gives gifts with a tender cheer;

And brother hurrahs "for the top of the year;"

And sister looks on with her wistful eyes,

With a soft, sweet smile at every surprise;

And Christmas means this:

A little child's bliss,

And the love of the dear Christ felt like a kiss.

And a piled-up glory is hard to express;

And "What is Christmas?" is wonder for all

It is when the earth puts on holiday dress,

Made spotlessly fair with snow-flakes that fall;

When hearts are lavish with treasures of love,

And the pale, pure stars shine brighter above;

And the dancing firelight seems to play  
In the most mysterious, haunting way ;  
And the house-fairies wander from sweet to sweet,  
With an unexplored kingdom laid at their feet.

And Christmas means this :

A little child's bliss,

And the love of the dear Christ felt like a kiss.

And *still* "what is Christmas?" Darling, come here.

It is meant for the birthday, "true as true,"  
Of a beautiful child that was born in Judea,

That His mother loved, as *I* love you ;  
That grew up to teach you how you should seek  
To be in your spirit "lowly and meek.  
And onward, higher and higher to go,"  
Till you changed to an angel whiter than snow ;  
And offered freely (that *all* might take)  
The *gift of Himself* for the *whole world's sake!*


And Christmas means this :

A little child's bliss,

And the love of the dear Christ felt like a kiss.

—BRYANT.

## The Grebe.


OW many little boys and girls have ever seen a Grebe? I do not think there are very many in this country, although they are found in most parts of the world. They have a long neck and lobed feet, and in our illustration, resemble a young turkey. They build their nest on the water, of some strong material, and on account of the nest not being waterproof the eggs are often wet. They are very careful of their home, and when the mother bird leaves her nest she is careful to cover it with a material she gathers on the water, so that the nest would appear to any one as a bunch of weeds, and therefore would not be disturbed. If she is on her nest, and thinks there is some danger near, it is said she will put one foot out of the nest into the water and paddle along till she comes to a place of safety. It must be fine sport to watch them teach the little ones how to swim. When their young become tired of swimming, the Grebe will sink her body low in the water, and in coming to the surface the little ones jump on her back, and in this way take a rest. They have a beautiful plumage, and a great many of them are killed to furnish fine feathers for ladies. There is another kind of Grebe called the Dabchick, and it closely resembles the crested Grebe, only it builds two nests instead of one, the mother bird sitting in one, while the other, in which the eggs are to be laid, is building.





THE GREBE.

## Where Convicts Come From.

 SHORT time since, a young man, condemned to die for murder, lay in a prison-cell awaiting the day of execution. A kind lady, who had heard of his condition, visited him several times, and sought to lead him to penitence and faith in Jesus as his only hope. On one occasion the lady was accompanied by her little son, who spoke kindly to the poor prisoner, and offered him some fruit. The man seemed much affected by the grace and gentleness of the child, and drawing him towards him, said, as the tears ran freely down his cheeks:

“My dear child, let me tell you what brought me here. It was disobeying my parents, then breaking God’s holy day, drinking and gambling, and at last murder, that grew out of the other two. Never forget this, if you would not be where I now am, and tell all your play-fellows to take warning by my sad fate. Always obey your parents, never drink a drop of anything that can intoxicate, keep holy the Sabbath-day, and turn, as from the Evil One himself, from any who would persuade you to enter a gambling-house or engage in a game of chance. These are the things that fill the prisons of earth, and crowd the gates of hell with victims.”

## The Golden Rule.



DEAL with another as you'd have  
Another deal with you:  
What you're unwilling to receive,  
Be sure you never do.

Be you to others kind and true,  
As you'd have others be to you;  
And neither do nor say to men  
Whate'er you would not take again.



AN anxious Sunday-school teacher, whose heart yearned over a thoughtless scholar, said to her, as they were about to separate for the summer, "Will you not promise me to keep up the regular study of the lessons, and special seasons of prayer?"

"Ah, indeed, I cannot promise that," she said, in a tone of surprise; "I am going to Newport."

Another little girl, in her last prayer at home before going on her vacation journey, said, "And now good-by, religion, I am going to Saratoga." Do you leave your religion at home, and pursue pleasure with the eagerness of a worldling?





## Nettie's Class.

**H**OW HAPPY a teacher must be if she has a band of obedient children around her. What pleasant work it must be to teach such children. Some children seem to take delight in doing all they can to provoke and discourage their teacher, and at the same



time lose all the affection the teacher could give them if they were good and tried to do right. But this was not the case with Nettie McM——'s class. Every Sunday she was at her place to welcome them as they came to her. She always greeted them with a smile and they always gave her some token of affection. She had taught her class a long time and the children seemed to love her dearly, and as she would tell them "the old, old story," they would listen and eagerly wish her to tell them more. When they left her on Sunday they did not forget the lesson she had taught them. She was anxious they should walk in the right path, doing good wherever they could. They loved to sing about Jesus, and their favorite hymn was—

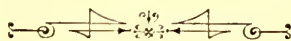
"Follow, follow, I would follow Jesus—

Anywhere, everywhere, I would follow on.

Follow, follow, I would follow Jesus,

Everywhere He leads me, I would follow on."

With Christ for their Captain, the Bible for their guide, they knew they could not go astray.



IN closing the eyes for nightly rest, it is good to say, "He giveth his beloved sleep;" and in opening them, when night is past, to say, "When I awake I am still with thee."

## The Mistake.

**P**oor little DAN has to stay in at recess. He did not get his example right, and the teacher said, "All who did not have their examples correct will have to stay in at recess." Daniel thought his was right, sure, but when the teacher examined it she said, "You have made a mistake, and will have to stay in at recess to find it out." Can you see where the mistake is? He is scratching his head and looking very hard. He hears the boys outside playing tag, and he wishes he was among them, but the mistake must be corrected before he goes. He has learned the multiplication table by heart, and yet there is one figure he has set down wrong. That one figure is enough to make the whole example incorrect, and poor Daniel has to stay in while the other boys are enjoying themselves. I hope he will get it right before the hour closes. These little mistakes cause a vast amount of trouble in the world. A chemist put up a wrong drug for two sick patients and both died in a few hours. A book-keeper put down one wrong figure and it made a man a bankrupt. One little mistake made in laying the foundation of a building caused the whole structure to be weak and finally fall. A boy or girl may think it is nothing to be a little in the wrong now and then,



THE MISTAKE.

to say what is not exactly true, to do what they know is not right, but it is a mistake that will bring its punishment just as Daniel's mistake did. Once a little boy was visiting a silk mill; they were just weaving an elegant roll of silk; by mistake he let a pin fall on that roll. It was a little thing, but when it was unrolled, every yard had been cut by that pin, and the whole roll ruined. Many a man has been ruined by a mistake made in childhood. Correct your mistakes now, while you are young.



## Friends Old and New.



MAKE new friends but keep the old;

Those are silver, these are gold;

New-made friendships, like new wine


Age will mellow and refine.

Friendships that have stood the test—


Time and change—are surely best.



## The Drunkard and his Dog.

 CROWD was collected near a pile of stones in Central Park, New York, evidently very intent upon some object that had brought together quite a number of policemen. On drawing near you would have seen nothing remarkable—only a drunken man, utterly insensible, lying upon a pallet of blasted rocks and stones. But for all there were so many officers on hand, they could not take the man away. He had a friend of whom he was wholly unworthy—a friend who stood by him like a brother, notwithstanding his degradation. A noble Newfoundland dog stood over him, looking down into his face, and would suffer no one to approach. He did not like the looks of the policemen, and they did not like his looks. Twenty feet was the regular distance he had settled upon, and it was at his risk that any one came nearer. They brought several pails of cold water and threw it over the dog, hoping to drive him away; but he only drew closer to his unworthy companion. “We can’t take the man unless we shoot the dog,” said one, “and he’s too noble an animal to kill.” “Which is the brute?” asked a passer-by, and very appropriately, too.

## Lost Cynthia.

N the large city of New York lived Cynthia G—. She was the only child of a poor woman, who was obliged every day to earn her own living. She was very careful of Cynthia, and when she would leave her in the morning to go to her day's work, her last words were, "Don't go too far from home." Cynthia tried to be a good girl to her mamma, and she knew too well that her mamma had to work hard to keep a little home for her, for her papa was dead and they were left without a penny. One day Mrs. G— returned to her home and expected to find her little girl waiting for her, but to her surprise she was not there; fearing something had happened to her, she started out to search. Poor little girl, no one could tell how she felt as night came on, and no loving mamma to kiss her good-night, no knee to kneel beside and say her little prayer. But do you know God always hears prayers if we pray with a sincere heart? God always takes care of his little ones, but Cynthia felt sad and timid as night came on, and she crept in some dark out-of-the-way place and prayed that God would take care of her. The next day she stood on the corner of some street crying bitterly, when Ettie and Maggie came up



LOST CYNTHIA.



to her and asked her what the trouble was. Not hesitating to tell them, they took her by the hand and led her safely to her home. How happy the mother and child were when they met; but Cynthia felt badly to think she had disobeyed her mamma. How careful little ones should be not to stray too far from their earthly home. God has prepared a heavenly home for us, and if we obey His word we shall never stray from it.



## The Dying Soldier.

**P**UT me down," said a wounded soldier in the Crimea to his comrades, who were carrying him; "put me down; do not take the trouble to carry me any farther; I am dying."

They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after, an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and said to him, "Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer.

"No, thank you, I am dying."

“Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?”

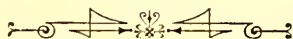
“I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; will you open it at the fourteenth chapter of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with ‘peace.’ Will you read it?”

The officer did so, and read the words:

“Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

“Thank you, sir,” said the dying man. “I have that peace; I am going to that Saviour. God is with me; I want no more.”

These were his last words, and his spirit ascended to be with Him he loved.



A LITTLE child, seven years old, one day said to her mother, “Mother, I have learned to be happy, and I shall always be happy.” “My dear,” said her mother, “how can this be done?” She said, “It is by not caring anything about myself, but trying to make everybody else happy.”



## The Ark.

**W**E have here a picture of the Dove returning to the Ark. The Ark was a sort of boat that God commanded Noah to build. Can you tell me why He told him to make it? Well, God saw that the people were very wicked, and it grieved Him greatly, so He told Noah He would destroy man, whom He had created,

and every living thing with him. Now "Noah was a just man, and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God," so he did as God commanded, and made an Ark of gopher wood. It was three hundred cubits long, fifty cubits wide, and thirty cubits high. It had one window and a door, "with lower, second and third stories." When it was completed God told Noah that he, his wife, his sons and their wives should enter the Ark, and take with them living creatures. So after Noah and his family entered, it began to rain. It rained so much for forty days and forty nights that the mountains were covered with water and all that was on the earth was destroyed, both man and beast, and everything that had life. God did not forget Noah and his family, and after the waters had abated, the Ark rested safely on Mt. Ararat. When Noah thought the earth was dry, he sent a raven out, but it did not return to him. Then he sent a dove and it came back with an olive leaf. Then Noah waited seven days more, and sent the dove out again, but it did not return to him; then Noah knew the earth was dry. If Noah and his family had not been good, God would not have chosen them to be in the Ark. Let us please God in everything, and some day we shall be one of his chosen ones.

## Papa's Watch.



LONG time ago there lived a little boy whose name was Walter. His papa was very fond of him and when he would return home from his day's work, he would take little Walter on his lap and show him his watch. This always delighted the little fellow, and as he was his father's pet, he was allowed to take the watch in his own hands. Now Walter was only three years old, but was very full of mischief, and was always hunting up something new to play with. One day his mamma went out and left him alone for a few moments thinking he would amuse himself with his playthings and the little kitten. But Walter soon grew tired of these, and began looking for first one thing and then for another. Imagine his delight when he found his papa's watch. He didn't care then how long his mamma staid away. Suddenly she returned and found her little boy seated on the floor beside a basin of soapsuds. One glance at the child told the story. Walter had found the watch and thought it needed cleaning and considered it his duty to do it. After washing the outside thoroughly, he opened the case and poured the soapsuds into the works. When papa came home at night, Walter told





PAPA'S WATCH.



him how nicely he had cleaned his watch, and that there was no need of taking it to the jeweler's. His papa gave a heavy sigh, making up his mind that after this event, he would put his watch out of Walter's reach.



## What Ailed Those Eggs?



HE bought some lovely Brahma eggs  
And brought them home for setting,  
Thinking how lucky he would be—  
What fine chicks he'd be getting.

He put the eggs beneath the hen,  
Then many days he waited;  
When finding that but few had hatched,  
He was not much elated.

The remnant of these eggs were put  
Beneath another setter,  
And much surprised was he to find  
That she'd done worse, not better.

At last when patience all had fled  
And hopes received dismissal,  
He found the eggs that wouldn't hatch  
Were only artificial.


## The Wise Indian.

**M**O-WA was an Indian chief who lived a few years ago in the great western country. He said "he didn't like whiskey, because it made the men look so *foolish*, and he wouldn't have it for his braves." The red man was wiser than many of our white men, I think. He went on a journey, and was quite amazed at the "railway horse." He said, "It gave a snort, and away it went with all the little houses after." He liked the white men and wanted to learn and do all they could do, "except telling lies and drinking whiskey."



**A**N officer, much addicted to profane swearing, visited one of the deep mines in Cornwall. He was attended by a pious workman who was employed in the works. During his visit to the mine, the officer uttered many profane expressions; and as he ascended in company with the pious miner, finding it a long way, he said to him with an oath, "If it be so far down to your work, how far is it to the bottomless pit?" The honest miner promptly and seriously replied, "I do not know how far it is, sir, but I believe that if the rope by which we are drawn up should break, you would be there in a minute."

## Deceiving Grandma.

RANDMA had two little grand-daughters living in the country, and they were delighted when the season came for them to make her a visit. The best dresses and shoes were packed with great care in their trunk, and their dollies were never forgotten, for grandma always made such nice little dresses for them, and this was one reason why they were always anxious to visit her. Their names were Mamie and Beckey, both ten years old and both about the same height. Grandma was quite old, and was obliged to wear glasses, and for this reason could not see very well. But because she could not see well, was no reason why she should be deceived by the twins. She asked them one day to stand side by side and see which was the taller. They did as they were told, and grandma was very much surprised to think they had grown so tall. She did not think they would stand on tip-toe and make themselves taller than what they really were. But do you know those little girls told a story? Although they did not speak a word, yet "their actions spoke louder than words." Oh, how careful we should be of our actions! Let our actions be such that we shall never be ashamed of anything we may do.





DECEIVING GRANDMA.

## The Rescue.



**H**OW much some little boys love to tease animals. Especially if they are young and scarcely able to help themselves. They do not stop to think how much pain they give them, or how wicked it is to do harm to anything that has life, and that does not harm us. Our picture shows us how near a little kitten came drowning. Some children found this little kitten in the grass near a stream and thought it would be fun to see if it could swim. So they gave her a toss into the stream, and every time the poor thing would come near the bank they would push her back. Poor kittie became so exhausted that she was almost drowned when little Mortie came along and tried to rescue her. He knew time was precious, so he hung to a limb on a tree and with a stick



in the other hand, he placed it in the water close beside the kitten. She saw the limb was for her, so clinging tightly to it she was brought safely out of the water, and felt very grateful to Mortie for his kindness. Little children can do a great deal of good in the world, if they only try, and if they begin young to do right they will love to do the Master's work, and rescue many a perishing soul.




## Why They Go to Church.

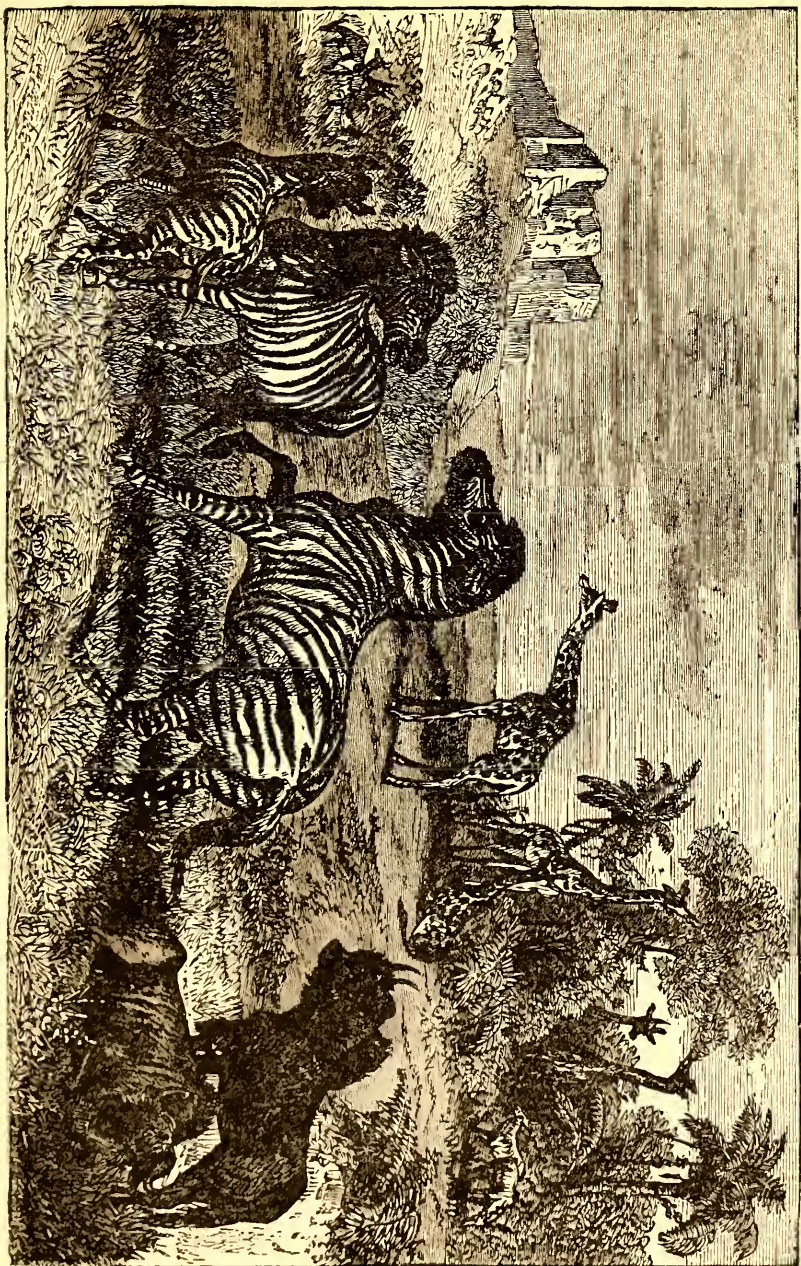
**S**OME go to church just for a walk;  
Some go there to laugh and talk;  
Some go there for speculation;  
Some go there for observation;  
Some go there to meet a friend;  
Some go there the time to spend;  
Some go to learn the parson's name;  
Some go there to sound his fame;  
Some go there to doze and nod;  
But very few to worship God.

## Animals of Africa.

**W**OULD you like to live in Africa and see all the animals that live there? I think you would be afraid of some, for they are so frightful looking.

 In this picture we see three beautiful zebras.

The zebra is very wild and lives in the south of Africa. Their speed is very great and it is with great difficulty that they are caught. We are told that when they are attacked, they form themselves into a circle, with their heads towards the center and their heels towards the enemy, and defend themselves by their kicks. Their flesh is considered good and is eaten by natives and hunters. Look again at the picture and you will see a number of giraffes. They seem to be all neck and legs, and if we were to measure their steps by the length of their legs, I don't think it would take them long to run a mile. They have large beautiful eyes, placed so that the animal can see much of what is passing on all sides, and even behind. For this reason very few can approach them. If we go to Central Park we can see a number of animals that came from Africa, among them the giraffe and zebra. The giraffe is often called a camelopard, because it resembles the camel by its long neck and the leopard by its beautiful spots.



ANIMALS OF AFRICA.



## A Romance Sadly Dispelled.



HUNTING one morning the blooming fields over,  
I spied 'mong the grasses a fair four-leafed clover,  
And, like any miss whose heart is a rover,  
Put it over the door to see who was my lover.  
The Dickens! A Paddy with a pack on his  
shoulder  
Came shambling in (old Nick himself isn't bolder);  
He was old as my father, or likely much older,  
And my greeting to him was like ice, or much colder.

"Any Irish linen tablecloths, handkerchiefs, etc.,  
etc., etc., etc?"

"I have no desire, sir, to look at the linen!"  
(How Jeff in the meantime was winkin' and grinnin'  
And pointing, with mischief and leer, at my clover,  
Which tottled at once all my romances over),  
Then out stepped the "spark" that had thwarted  
my trust,  
And I threw down my clover and stamped it in dust,  
Resolved not to trust to a "lusus" of Nature  
If in winning a beau it should be such a "crayture."

H. F. BAILEY.

## Boy Character.

**I**T is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and live the truth that there shall be no discount on his word. And there are such noble Christian boys, and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, and loved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.



**T**HE mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over the land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

A. LINCOLN.



## Selfish Tom.

**T**HREE boys, Tom, Willie and Joe, were school-mates, and had played together a long time. They had roamed over many a field, caught many birds, climbed hundreds of trees, and yet an unpleasant word had never passed between them. But how soon Satan can get control of children. Many a child has made a promise that she would not be naughty one day, and before night Satan would come along and make her break her promise. Now let me tell you how easily he governed Tom. Tom's mother had given him a few pennies for his own use, and one day he met a man selling cherries. Tom felt hungry and thought now was a good opportunity to spend his pennies, as he was all alone, and could eat every cherry himself. But just as he sat down to enjoy them, who should come along but Willie and Joe. Now here was Tom's chance to share with his companions. Joe and Willie had always been generous with Tom, and they supposed Tom had the same disposition. But when Willie asked him for "just a few" Tom gave him scowls instead of cherries. The two boys felt very sad to see their play-mate act in this way, but while it grieved two, it pleased one, and that one was Satan.

Let us be careful not to please one who cares for us only



SELFISH TOM.

to destroy us, for God watches us and sees all our actions, and He is the one to please, and not Satan. God loves us and is anxious about his little ones, and we should strive to please him in everything.



## Farmer John's Advice.



FARMER John was wont to say

(He was a man of thought austere),

“Sunshine’s the time for making hay

And summer time to persevere;

Fruitage comes from pruned vines,

And grafted trees will bear the best;

But chickens that a coop confines

Will never have a thirfty nest.

“He that sits behind the stove

And rubs his hands in winter time,

Will, rest assured, an idler prove

When harvests need the men of prime.

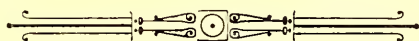
Know the farmer by his fence:

If vines and briers show their tops,

His judgment isn’t worth six pence;

He’ll sow and reap the stinted crops.

“Youth must have a blooming spring  
Ere manhood earns a fruitage day;  
Old age would be a barren thing,  
With spring and summer fooled away.  
Then go to work right earnest, boy,  
Give to thy spring a fragrant bloom;  
Then manhood will have fruit and joy  
And silvered age a flowery tomb.”




## Who Made All That?

**W**HEN Napoleon was returning to France from the expedition to Egypt, a group of French officers one evening entered into a discussion concerning the existence of a God. They were on the deck of the vessel that bore them over the Mediterranean sea. Thoroughly imbued with the infidel and atheistical spirit of the times, they were unanimous in their denial of this truth. It was at length proposed to ask the opinion of Napoleon on the subject, who was standing alone, wrapped in silent thought. On hearing the question, “Is there a God?” he raised his hand, and pointing to the starry firmament, simply responded, “Gentlemen, *who made all that?*”



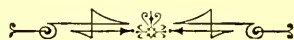
## The Christian Sailor Boy.

T was a sad day to Willie when he said good-bye to his parents and sailed for Australia as a sailor. Tears filled his eyes as he was packing his valise, for he well knew that months would pass before he would see his parents again. The last article put in that valise was a Bible, given to him by his mother with a few words written on the fly-leaf. "To Willie, let this be your guide." When he left his home he promised his parents that he never would forget to pray, and if he could tell any one about Jesus he would strive to do it. All the sailors on board the "Chichester" were older than he, some old men who had always been sailors and were rough in their talk. This Willie did not like, and it greived him very much to hear the sailors swear. Sunday morning came, and as Willie had always been in the habit of reading his Bible, he did not hesitate to do it now. He soon became a favorite among the sailors, and every Sunday when there was not so much work on hand, Willie would get some of the idle sailors together and tell them Bible stories. Some had never heard of Jesus, and when Willie read to them in Matthew of how Christ stilled the tempest, they seemed eager to hear more. When the ship reached Australia, the Captain and




THE CHRISTIAN SAILOR BOY.

sailors were a different class of men. The sailors did not swear at all, and were kind to each other. But poor Willie was taken sick and died before he reached his home. He had worked faithfully for his Master, and had put new thoughts in the minds of the captain and crew. As he lay on his dying bed and they all gathered around him to say "good bye," his last words were "Let Jesus be your Captain."



## What Little Hands Can Do.

CHILDREN think they can do little good, and even their parents generally think the same. They can be obedient and affectionate—this all admit, but few think they are old enough to do anything for the salvation of the world. Now children, this is a great error. Can a child do as much as an insect? "Why, yes," exclaims every little reader, and "more too."

Let us all imagine that you and I are sailing in a vessel upon the South seas. How beautifully we glide along! The vessel skims the ocean like a swan. But what is that yonder, rising above the billows like a painted highland? How it sparkles in the rays of the sun like a rock of silver, and now it assumes different colors, variegated in the most

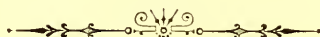


charming manner—red, gold and silvery hues, all blend together in delightful richness. Nearer and nearer we come to the attractive object, all the while appearing more beautiful and brilliant than the Crystal palace, when lo! we discover it is the splendid work of insects, so small that we cannot see them with a naked eye. Yes, the little coral insect threw up those many colored reefs, a little at a time, until we have this magnificent sight.

And just over there, beyond that line of reefs, you see that little island covered with tall palm trees, so green and slender. The foundation of that island, now a fit habitation for men, was laid by the coral insect. Myriads of them worked away, year after year, until a huge bed of coral became the foundation of the island; then the soil accumulated, and the trees grew, as they are now seen. This is what some insects do towards making this wild a habitation for mankind. They make islands. God did not create them to be useless in this world, where so much is to be done. Their work amounts to something. Would you not be as useful as the little coral insect? You cannot build islands, but you can help the people who live upon them, and those who live in other parts of the earth. A half-penny is a small gift, but ten of them make a dime. A grain of sand is very minute, but enough of them will make a



mountain. So the little which one child does for God may seem too small to be counted, but perhaps twenty of these littles are equal to the work of one full grown man or woman. Do not forget that if you do nothing for God, you are not worth as much as the coral insect.



## The First Fall of Snow.

**L**ITTLE MAY had passed her summer months in the country, and was very happy as she frolicked over the fields, gathering wild flowers and pretty mosses. She teased her mamma to stay longer, but mamma knew that when the cold winds began to blow and Jack Frost would come along that May would wish herself closely housed in her city home. After she reached her home it was her delight to sit by the window and throw crumbs to the little birds outside. They seemed to feel so happy and did not fear her at all. After she had fed them they would fly up in the tree and there sing their loudest notes as though they were thanking her for their breakfast. But one morning May went to the window to see if her birdies were waiting for her, and to her surprise the ground was white with snow. At first May did not know what to make of the white cover on



THE FIRST SNOW.

the ground, and as she saw the flakes falling she wondered where all the geese feathers came from. Mamma soon told her it was the "first fall of snow." Then May's first thought was—what will become of all the little birds, for they will never find enough to eat. This worried May very much, but soon the warm sun came out and melted all the snow, and the birdies and little May were happy once more.

Birds do not have to worry about what they will have to eat; God provides for their wants as well as ours.



## Politeness.


**B**OYS and girls must be polite. When you come down stairs in the morning, say, "Good morning," to all in the room. When you go up stairs to bed be careful to say, "Good night," in the same way. If you see older persons looking for chairs, try to help them if you can. Little boys should lift their hats politely when they are spoken to in the street, and they should always take off their hats when they go into a house. These may seem like small things, but a true gentleman or lady will never forget them. Be polite in small things. Be as polite at home as when away from home.



Always be ready to do a kindness to any one who may need it. You know that you like to have people kind to you. Do to others as you would have them do to you.



## How a Kind Act Shines.

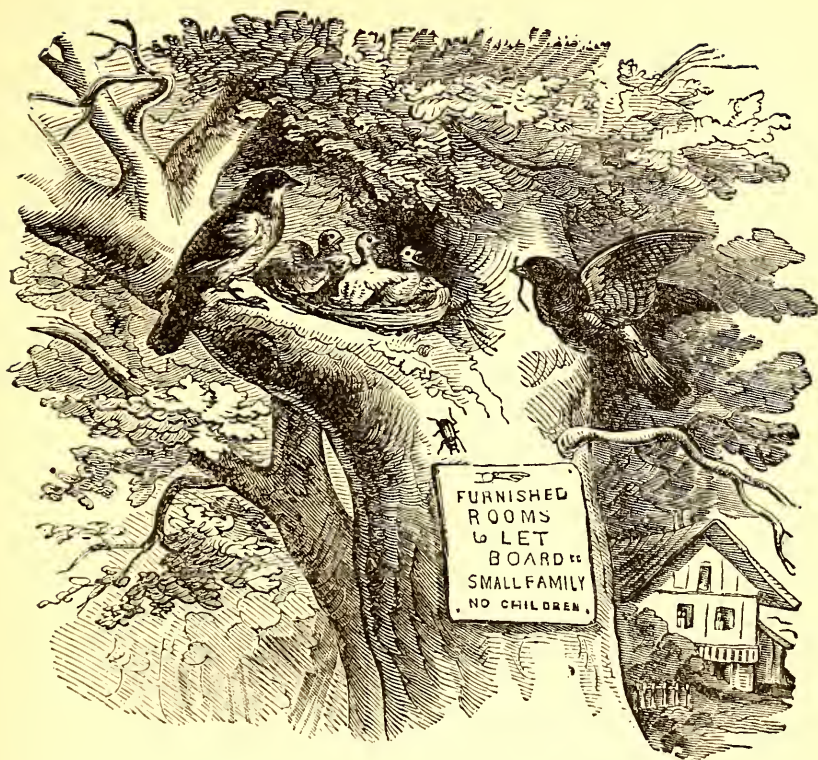
HARLIE," said his mother, when he came in from school, "will you try to amuse your little sister for a while?" Did he scowl and pout, and look "No, I wont," if he did not say it? No, Charlie did not. Did he wince, and say, "Oh, mother, I have been pent up in school all the morning, and I want to go out and play; can't somebody else take her?" No; many a boy would, but Charlie did not. The boys were waiting for him at the door to come and play, and Charlie would have liked to go, but he gave up his own pleasure for his dear mother's sake, or rather, he made it his 'pleasure to help her. "Yes, mother, I'll take sissy, you look so tired," answered Charlie pleasantly. And his kind and willing tones sent sunshine into his mother's heart.

"Sissy" had been sick and fretful, and mother had to neglect many things for her sake. Mother, thus released, had



time to take a long breath in another room; then to meet Amy, who was trudging up-stairs crying, with a splinter in her finger—she took out the splinter, soothed the little finger, and kissed away the tears; then she hastened to the kitchen, where poor Bridget was worried with her work. “I’m indeed glad you have come, ma’am,” said she; “there’s a woman waiting at the door, and I told her you couldn’t come; every thing’s at beam-ends.” The mother spoke cheerfully to Bridget, and she went to the door and said a kind word to the poor old woman on the steps, and put a loaf in her basket, and she hobbled off with a streak of sunshine in her heart. Then mother helped Bridget about this thing, and told her about that, and put new life into the boiling and roasting, in order to have dinner all ready when father and uncle came home.

As mother went about her household cares, lightening and brightening every burden in her way, it was her greatest comfort to feel that “Sissy” was in good hands; for Charlie, she was sure, was doing his best to make the little one happy. Charlie’s kindness to his little sister did not *stop there*; it shone on his mother, and on Amy; it shone into the kitchen; it shone on Bridget, and the poor woman; and it shed its soft warmth over the dinner hour, and streamed with a mellow light over all the rest of the day long.



## The Bird's Nest.

**I**N a small village in Connecticut lived a lady whose name was Mrs. Jenkins. Mrs. Jenkins, though poor, was a good Christian lady, and seemed to delight in making others happy. She had a very pleasant home and her friends seemed to take great delight in visiting her during the summer months. One reason why

her home seemed so cheerful and pleasant, was on account of the many little birds that built their nests so near it.

Early in the morning, Mrs. Jenkins would be in her garden listening to their concert. Oh, how happy those dear little birds were, never fearing that some naughty boys would come and destroy their home.

One summer Mrs. Jenkins thought she would increase her income a little by taking a few boys to board. Everything went smoothly for a week or two, 'til one day she heard such a chattering among the birds. She knew in a moment some trouble was brewing, and soon found out that the naughty boys had been robbing the birds of their nests and young. This grieved Mrs. Jenkins very much and the following day she put up a sign in the apple tree. Mothers thought it very hard that they could not find board there for their boys, but soon found out the trouble. How wicked it was to rob the birds of their little homes. God gave us the birds and they never do us any harm. How kind we should be to them.

I once read a story about a little bird who had been robbed so many times of her nest, that at last she built it in the muzzle of a cannon on top of an old fort. She felt safe then and out of the way of naughty boys.

## “What Next?”



GENTLEMAN, riding near the city, overtook a well-dressed young man, and invited him to a seat in his carriage.

“What,” said the gentleman to the young stranger, “are your plans for the future?”

“I am a clerk,” replied the young man, “and my hope is to succeed, and get into business for myself.”

“And what next?” said the gentleman.

“Why, I intend to marry, and set up an establishment of my own,” said the youth.

“And what next?”

“Why, to continue in business, and accumulate wealth.”


“And what next?”

“It is the lot of all to die, and I, of course, cannot escape,” replied the young man.

“And what next?” once more asked the gentleman; but the young man had no answer to make; he had no purposes that reach beyond the present life. How many young men are in precisely the same condition. What pertains to the world to come has no place in all their plans.



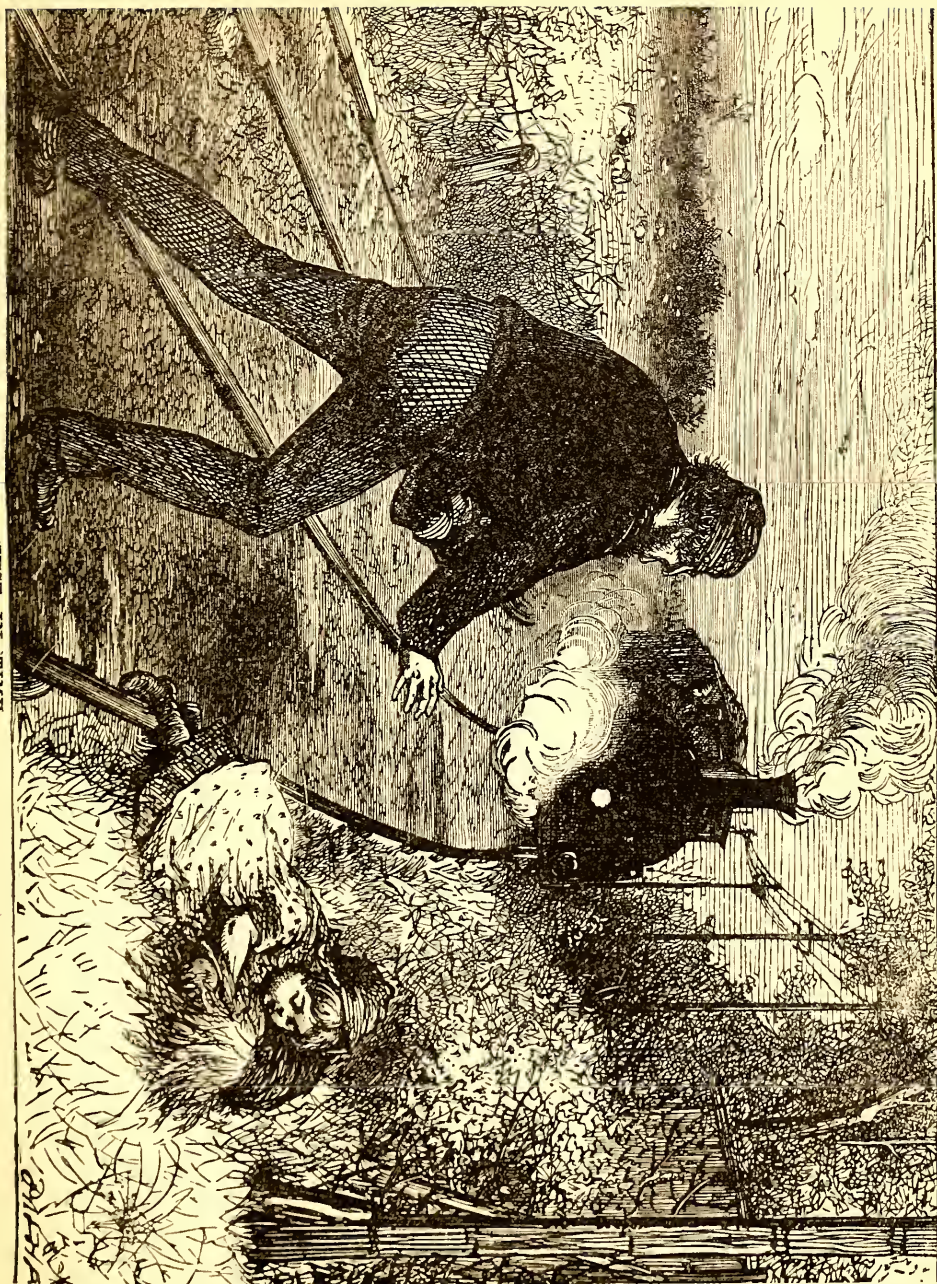
## Just In Time.

OW fortunate it is always to be "just in time." The school boy thinks so as he hears the last bell ring, and he catches up his books and hat and starts for school. Then, too, to come in just as Mamma was taking such a lovely pie out of the oven. Had he been a moment later he would have missed it, but now he is "just in time" and can have a piece.

Let me tell you what happened to the little girl in the picture. She was only four years old, and had crossed the track many a time and brought an apple home for Mamma, and this day she thought she could go again. Her Mamma missed her and searching carefully everywhere was unable to find her. Going to the orchard she called loudly, but no answer. She could not imagine where her little one was gone—never dreaming she lay asleep on the track.

Her father, leaving his work at night, thought he would take the shortest route home, and come down the track. As he travelled along, thinking of the little one who would greet him at the gate, he saw something on the track. Rushing ahead, he saw it was his own child. In a moment he dragged her off, and she was safe. The train in an instant dashed by, but papa was "just in time" to save his child. Tired out, the

JUST IN TIME.



little one had fallen asleep beside the track, still clasping the apple for Mamma, and unconscious of the approaching train. How thankful Mamma was that her child was brought safely to her.



## Little Mary, or a Better Way.

**T**HE bell for recess was just ringing, and from my window towards the school-house green I could see the children rush out, shouting and scattering all around, full of delight at their liberty.

They all knew me, and many smiling "Good-mornings" did I have each day; while in the afternoon, when they were dismissed, I got the recital of what had taken place within the four red walls.

They seemed now to be unusually full of fun and frolic. Every game in vogue among them was duly rehearsed, when suddenly their gaze was turned towards the road.

Down the hill was coming, with his rapid and uncertain step, a poor lad, at once the sport and the dread of the place, known as "Crazy Bob." He was one of those unfortunate beings who give way to outbursts of passion and revenge, and who in some rural districts receive all surplus of mischief from the children.



A consultation was evidently taking place among the older boys, who, I judged, were trying to persuade the rest to enlist for an attack upon Bob.

So it was. He had no sooner come near, than war was declared ; and what by being dragged and pushed, by having his tattered hat knocked off and thrown among the bushes, in short, by being teased and tormented in every possible way, he indeed deserved pity. He was a tall young man, and, had he tried, might in a moment have dispersed his persecutors.

For some time he endured all with but little resistance, and I was wishing the school-bell would be heard again, when my little friend Mary Brown suddenly ran towards the young tyrants. She seemed to be asking them a favor, and her kind young face beamed with compassion for the poor victim, who now, amid shouts of laughter, was having his hands tied behind his back with small blue and red handkerchiefs.

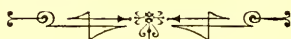
Bravely approaching, she endeavored to free him. She was a general favorite, and her example soon prevailed ; the prisoner was released, Mary taking hold of his great rough hand, and kindly leading him a little way.

That afternoon I called Mary to see me. I told her how glad I was she had been compassionate to poor Bob, and



that I sincerely hoped she would always do so, and never let the boys ill-treat him without helping him if she could; and I asked her if she would, to me, her old friend, say what it was that had kept her from joining them in their cruel amusement.

“Don’t you know?” she answered; “what you read us last Sunday, that we must ‘do to others as we would have others do to us;’ and I would not like to be teased and have my hands tied. I want to obey Jesus, for I love Him.”



## The Naughty Goat.

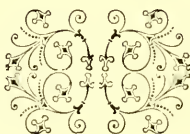
**E**DITH W—— had been very busy all day making wreaths and crowns, for the little ones were going to have a holiday and Edith had promised to make so many wreaths and so many crowns for the children. Now Edith had a brother named Demille, and he had a very mischievous goat. Demille had trained him to draw a wagon, and many were the rides the children had enjoyed. For this reason, I suppose, he thought he had a right to take what belonged to the little girls. As fast as Edith had a wreath made and laid aside, Mr. Goat would



THE NAUGHTY GOAT.



quietly walk up, and before she could say a word, he would destroy it. Now this tried Edith's patience very much, and she declared to Demille that unless he locked the goat up she would surely whip him. Her brother thought it was fine fun for the goat, and as he seemed to enjoy it so much, poor Edith had her hands full. At last the goat was harnessed for a drive, and Edith for a while had a rest. When she finished her own wreath, she put it on her head and considered it safe; but when Mr. Goat came home she changed her mind, for no sooner was the goat out of harness than he gave one jump for the wreath. Poor Edith gave one shriek, but her wreath was destroyed, and the goat was locked up for acting so rudely. She, remembering the old saying, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again," continued making her wreaths for the children without being further molested.



THE mother in her office holds the key  
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin  
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage,  
But for her gentle care, a Christian man.

## The Best Boy.



O my little readers know who Abraham Lincoln was? He was one of the very best presidents our country ever had. He was killed for doing right, murdered by a wicked man because he did his duty.

I want to tell you what his mother said about him: "I can say what scarcely one mother in a thousand can: Abe never gave me a cross word or look and never refused in fact or appearance to do anything I asked him. Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expect to see."


Don't you think his being such a good boy had something to do with his being such a good man? Yes, indeed it had. Bad boys don't grow to be grand, noble men. If you want to be good when you are grown up, begin now while you are a child.



**H**OW beautiful it is to see the young reverence old age! We never see a little boy bowing respectfully to an aged man in the street but we feel sure he is a good boy. Reverence is always due to aged people. God, nature, and a proper education say to the young: reverence old age. The promptings of our kindly nature teach us to respect the aged, to rise up before the hoary head. The dim eye, the furrowed brow, and temples thinly clad, who would not respect, reverence, and love them.



## Mr. Wayback's Barber Shop.

 HIS picture represents an old-time barber shop, and many a small country place has one. To us, who are used to the nicely fitted up shops of to-day, this old place looks queer enough. This old gentleman not only cut hair, and shaved, but he would cobble shoes, pull teeth, grind scissors, and do any other small job by which he might enlarge his income.

This boy seems not to be enjoying himself very much. When the boy put himself under Mr. Wayback's care without first combing his hair out of tangle, the old gentleman himself took the snarl out, but the boy wished he wore a wig, which could be left with the barber to be trimmed and dressed—for Mr. Wayback was not very light with his hands, and would often pull and twitch the hair until the boy's eyes were full of tears.

Boys, in time, become men; and they can look back and laugh over Mr. Wayback's hair-cutting, and all the other trials of their boyhood. It is right to be neat with your hair and person generally; but it is not right to give more care to the outside of your head than to the inside.

So, laddies, fill your heads full of useful knowledge; then put this knowledge into honest, persevering action, and in the



MR. WAYBACK'S BARBER SHOP.

right direction, and then your lives will be successes, and your village, or city, will be better because you have lived in it and done your duty faithfully.



## Our Country's Flag.



WHY do we love and honor it? Because it represents the government and the institutions of our country. The flag of a country proclaims the authority of that country. It promises to protect its citizens and property in their lawful rights and uses.

“When did it begin?” asked a boy. In other words, when was our flag adopted? While we were colonies of England, the English flag was our flag. What is the English flag? Let us go back a little. The old Scotch flag was a cross, called the cross of St. Andrews. The old English flag was a cross, called the cross of St. George. When England and Scotland were united, their flags were united also. The two crosses were laid together, St. George over St. Andrews, forming the figure called the “Union Jack,” emblazoned on a red ground.

While Washington was encamped at Cambridge, and the British held Boston, as you remember, he was very



much in need of a flag to represent the American cause. Every regiment, I suppose, had something fluttering in the breeze; but an *American flag*, representing the new nation of the west, was wanting. What should it be?

“Well,” perhaps he said, examining the old English flag, “since the cross is an emblem of Christianity, we will keep that; and since two crosses represent union in England and Scotland, why may they not represent union in the colonies as well; but instead of plain red ground, we will have striped ground, red and white.”

So the British “Union Jack” on striped ground was agreed upon; and I dare say there was great cheering in the American camp as the new American flag was unfurled to the breeze.

When the British in Boston caught sight of it, “What is this?” they asked, raising their glasses to examine it. “Ah, ha! it is a signal for surrender,” they said. “Washington is ready to lay down his arms. The stripes under the British Jack mean submission, and nothing else;” and they hastened to let Washington know that his signal was seen and understood. But they soon found out their mistake.

“That won’t do,” said the American generals; so they pulled down the crosses and put up the stars—a *circle* of



stars, thus denoting union. The next flag therefore was the "Stars and Stripes."

Congress approved and adopted it as our national flag. The *thirteen stripes* are continued, representing the original thirteen States. Every new state adds *a new star* to the cluster, not arranged in a circle, as at first, but marshalled into a constellation shaped like a star; the idea of union being still preserved in their harmonious combination in one great star, a "social star," which is said to be the proper way of arranging them



## Waiting for the Carriage.

**L**ITTLE Hattie H— had been promised a ride for a long time, and every time she put her things on to go something would happen to prevent. She felt very much disappointed every time she was obliged to remain at home, but quietly made up her mind that sometime she would get her promised ride.

Hattie had a good disposition and tried to be kind to everyone. She felt particularly interested in poor children, and when her mamma came in one day and told her that



WAITING FOR THE CARRIAGE.

they would visit that afternoon the orphan asylum, she was delighted. She soon had some cakes and jellies placed on the mantle, waiting to be taken as soon as the carriage came.


While she sat waiting, her brother Ivy came in, and as soon as he learned where they were going, he asked if he could go. Mamma soon gave her consent, and they were in a short time on the road. Ivy thought he must take something to the orphans too, so quite often as the carriage would stop by the roadside he would jump out and gather the wild flowers. How happy they were as they reached the orphans' home and the children greeted them. How happy those children were as Hattie and Ivy gave them their gifts. But Hattie felt rather sad after she returned to her own home to think there were so many little girls and boys in the world without a mamma. But she was happy in the thought that God takes care of the little ones and calls them His lambs.



IF you would have your learning stay,  
Be patient—don't learn too fast;  
The man who travels a mile each day,  
May get round the world at last.



## Jack's Ride.

HILDREN are usually willing to go through a great deal for the sake of gaining a little. In their case, trouble is, indeed, a pleasure, when it leads to some desired end. A small pony had been given to little Jack, and his delight in the new pet and companion knew no bounds. The pony, however, proved to have one fault—he refused to budge a step, with his master in the saddle, unless their way lay homeward. He could be led anywhere, but he would not be driven, except in the direction of his stable. One morning, a friend of the family met the boy trudging along, a mile away from home, leading the obstinate pony.

“Why, Jack,” he cried, “is that you? How far are you going?”

“Just as far as I can,” returned Jack, seriously.

“But why don’t you ride?”


“I can’t.”

“Why, surely you know how to ride!”

“See here, Mr. Smith,” said Jack, coming very close, and speaking confidentially, while he stroked the pony’s nose, “I wouldn’t tell anybody but you.” “What is it?” “I can’t make Topsy stir a peg unless she’s going towards home, so I walk out just as far as I can with her. Then I get on and turn her round, and she gets over the ground, I tell you! You just sit here and wait half an hour, and you’ll see me go by, lickety-cut?”



## The Intelligent Dog.

OW many little girls and boys who are only three years old can count and pick out the numbers written on cards up to thirty? This is what Frisk is able to do. The number "16" has been called for, and "Frisk" went looking over the cards that were all turned with the numbers up 'til he came to the right one, which he picked up and held in his mouth. Smart little fellow, does not know he is holding it wrong side up, but he feels very proud of his abilities. Dogs are among the most intelligent and sagacious of all animals. Each one can follow his master's footsteps, though the master himself is out of sight and many others have passed over the way since he trod there. Many a human life has been saved by an intelligent dog. Once there was a Prince, whom some wicked men plotted to kill. They gave the guard who kept watch over his sleeping apartments a strong drug to give to him. But the Prince had a little spaniel who always slept in the same room with him. The night that the wicked men came to kill the Prince, while they were trying to unbar the door, the little spaniel heard them, jumped up on the Prince's bed, scratched his face, so that he awoke, heard the noise, and gave the alarm, and so his life was saved.



THE INTELLIGENT DOG.

There are many varieties of dogs, each one useful in his place.


On one occasion a little boy, playing near a dock, fell into the water. The tide was running very strong, and soon he was out of the reach of help. A Newfoundland dog, with whom he had been playing, saw his little friend's danger, jumped into the water, swam out to him, seized him by the collar, and brought him to the shore. Many like incidents can be given, but among the most famous of the dogs is the St. Bernard. These are powerful creatures who live up on the Alps and they are used by parties to go out and rescue and save poor travelers who may become overwhelmed in an avalanche, or overtaken in a terrible snow-storm. The dogs seem to know what is wanted of them, and when started out will follow the footsteps of the traveler until they find him, oftentimes half dead. A package of food is often tied around the dogs neck to refresh the traveler. When the dog finds him he barks and howls so as to be heard by the rescuing party.

Many of us can learn lessons from dogs. They teach us paitience, endurance and obedience. Let us be kind to these dumb creatures; use them aright and use our talents as well as they use theirs.



## Safety from Temptation.

Resist the devil and he will flee from you.—JAMES 4 : 5.

ESIST the devil ; he will flee ;  
Thus says God's holy Word.  
A mean and coward foe is he ;  
He'll tremble if he should but see  
The banner of the Lord.


But if you pause with gracious smile,  
Ah, then he'll gain your ear ;  
And with some cunning, artful wile  
He will your foolish heart beguile  
And catch you in his snare.

The Saviour is our sure defence  
Against this crafty foe ;  
We hide in his omnipotence,  
And say to Satan, "Get thee hence ;"  
And he will surely go.

He will not stay where Jesus lives,  
The Holy One of God ;  
Happy the child who this believes,  
And who his heart all willing gives  
To Christ for his abode.



## “Up for Repairs.”

ID YOU ever see a big boat or steamship on a dry dock? And did you ever wonder why she was there? Well, when you see one there, you can make up your mind she is “up for repairs”—that is, some of her machinery is out of order and needs fixing, or she has sprung a leak and must be repaired. Now you look at the picture and see if the little boy does not remind you of a steamboat “up for repairs.” Surely his machinery is all right, for he can stand on his feet, and his arms seem to be ready for motion, and his neck is not broken for he has just turned his head around to see what sister is doing, but never-the-less his rigging is torn, and he is standing against the fence until Winnie has repaired the hole.

This was a bad accident to Winnie’s brother, and he was sorry enough it happened, but never mind, sister could mend it and not say a word. That was what he thought, but while Winnie was putting such careful stitches in it, she was anxious to know how it happened. Sorrowful boy. He had to confess he had been climbing trees and stealing apples, and this was what made it a great deal worse. Only for the tear in his pants she never would have known what he had



been doing. It was fortunate for the little boy that his sister could sew, or he would have been "up for repairs" a little longer. Boys, when they have done wrong, never want to have it known, but children, remember one thing, "be sure your sins will find you out."



## The Opinion of Mrs. Nightingale.



HERE was a pretty Nightingale,  
Perched high upon a tree;  
And close beside him sat his mate,  
As sweet as sweet could be.

The same old love song now he sang,  
Which first he used to sing,  
With whistles, trill, warble and chirp  
He made the night air ring.

'Twas often his most charming notes  
And all was hushed and still,  
His mate came nestling to his side  
And thus declared her will:



“I think my dearest, sweetest mate  
If only you think best,  
This year we'll simply sing around  
And will not build a nest.

How nice 'twill be on Summer nights,  
To listen to your song,  
The heat will not be so intense  
Nor night seem half so long.

Last year if I remember right,  
We built in yonder tree,  
And when I sat upon the nest  
You did not sing to me.

You seemed right glad to build a nest,  
And worked 'till you were sore,  
But when you saw those speckled eggs  
Then you would sing no more.”

This building nests and laying eggs  
May all so sweet appear,  
What Mrs. Nightingale likes best  
Is courting all the year.

Poor Nightingale then hung his head  
As to bemoan his fate;  
Then with a sweeter lovelier song  
He mollified his mate.



## “The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe.

**W**HAT a funny looking picture this is! It looks like the “old woman who lived in a shoe, she had so many children she didn’t know what to do.”

Perhaps the old woman was obliged to go out, and left her children all home in the shoe, and they promised to be good; but from all appearances the old lady is very much displeased about something, for she is chasing after them with a “cat-o’-nine tails, or something else very much like it. What mother wouldn’t be nearly crazy if she had twenty-five children to look after, and they didn’t mind her.

As we look at the picture we see only three that are really good and have stayed in the house. There is so much confusion that even the old cat is surprised as she stands on top of the shoe, and thinks she had better keep out of the old woman’s way.

There was an old woman who lived in Japan,  
And to make her Japs good she used the rattan;  
If she would let them alone, and be more kind,  
I think those Japs would be sure to mind.



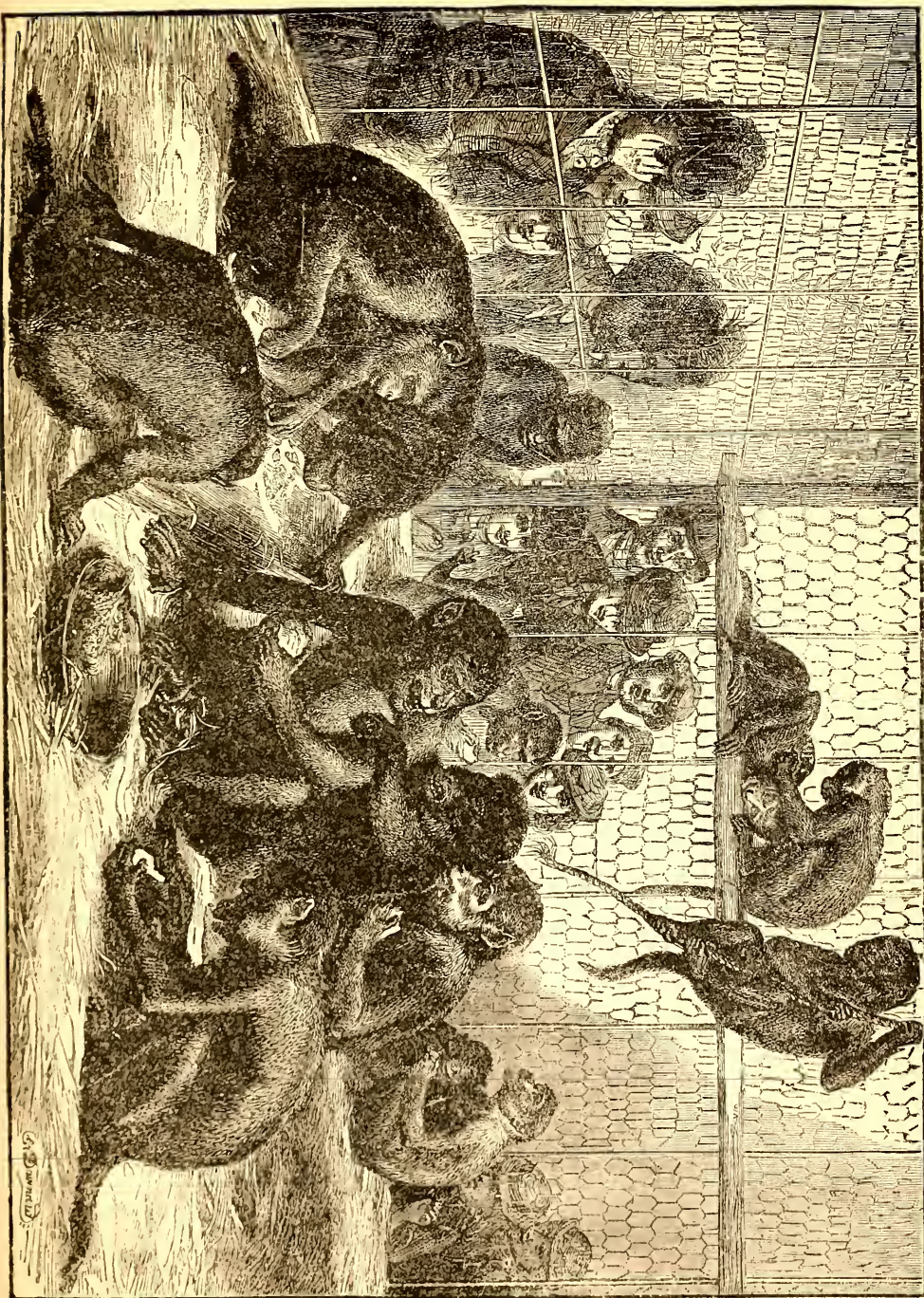
## The Menagerie.

**W**HAT a cage full of monkeys we have here, and how the children enjoy looking at them. The picture looks very much like the monkeys we see in Central Park. Did you ever watch a monkey, and see how cunning and quick he is in his movements? They always seem to enjoy themselves so much, jumping from one place to another, and scratching each others heads.

If you look at the top of the picture, you will see one monkey lying down, separating his hairs as though he was looking for something. They are very full of mischief and will destroy a great deal if not closely watched. Some have beautiful fur, and fur hunters are very anxious to kill them simply for their skins. They resemble mankind, and in many respects they try to imitate men.

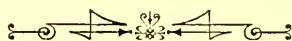
A story is told of a sailor whose vessel was wrecked, and he was the only survivor. After his rescue, while walking along the beach one day, he found a package. He thought it might be something good to eat, so he hastily picked it up, opened the package, and to his disappointment he found it contained only a number of red flannel night caps. He walked on 'til he came to a wood, and feeling tired and







sleepy, he thought he would lie down and take a nap. So putting one of the caps on his head he was soon in dream-land. He did not sleep long before he was awakened by a noise and looking around he saw a dozen or more monkeys in the trees with the flannel caps on their heads. This rather provoked the sailor; so he took off his own cap threw it at the monkeys, and as soon as they saw this, they took off theirs and threw them at the sailor.



## Be Pleasant.



WHEN little ones worry,  
 Their parents are sorry,  
 And all who are near them look sad;  
 But when they are good,  
 And smile as they should,  
 Their friends are contented and glad.

How much better it is to be cheerful and sing,  
 Than to deserve to be called a cross little thing!

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All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;  
 All play and no work makes Jack a mere toy.

## The Masterpiece.



SCULPTOR worked upon a polished stone;  
And tears dropped on the marble as he wrought;  
It was for one he dare not call his own,  
Whose life was woven with his dearest thought.

He loved her as an angel from the sky  
Sent down, like Beatrice, to guide his hand;  
A being fashioned by divinity;  
As messenger from earth to spirit-land.

The figure had an angel's folded wings;  
The features showed the sweet familiar face  
Of her who had made Heaven of earthly things,  
And underneath the simple lettering: "Grace."


With these sad words that pierced his very heart;  
"Life was an *aspiration*"; nothing won;  
Alas! had she but known the nobler part  
She had been playing, ere her life was done.

Had she but seen the soul that caught its fire;  
From thought of her; the hand that, spurred  
by love,

Wrought out ennobling fancy or desire  
In shapes immortal, as though planned above.

He carved her words, and underneath it wrote,  
"Her life was *inspiration*"; and his name;  
And then the sculptor's hand death kindly smote,  
And left his masterpiece to endless fame.

## The Eagles' Companion.

HE EAGLE is called the king of birds. He prefers to rob other birds of their food rather than hunt for himself. He flies not only higher than other birds, but also with the greatest rapidity. Their nests are built on lofty crags, and lasts them for years. They are rarely seen in the United States. It has been said they will carry off children, and in looking at the picture on the opposite page, you may wonder why the little eagles have a child in their nest.

Let me tell you what happened to little Mamie. Eagles had been seen around her home many days, but Mamie's parents did not think it necessary to watch their little one so closely. When the family gathered around the table for their noon meal there was a vacant chair, and little Mamie was the absent one. Search was made immediately, and every place thought of was carefully looked into. Night came on and Mamie was not found. The father, early the next morning, went to a place where he thought some eagles had built their nests, and standing on the edge of a crag, looking down, he saw his child in the nest many feet below.

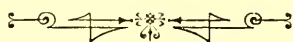
How frightened the father was, for he thought he would never be able to get his child, and she would be eaten up by








eagles. Getting a rope he tied it around a rock, and letting himself down he was soon by her side. She looked so happy as she lay in the nest patting the little eagles, little realizing the danger surrounding her. As the father grasped his child she clung tightly to him and was brought safely to the top of the crag above. How that little child trusted her father, feeling safe in his arms, and how rejoiced she was when received in her home. With the same trust we should place ourselves in our Heavenly Father's care, knowing we are "safe in the arms of Jesus."



### "A Word Fitly Spoken."

NE day, when two boys were playing together, they saw a poor sick dog lying under a tree. "I'll hit him!" said one of them, taking up a stone to throw at him. As he raised his arm a little girl put her hand upon it. "Tom," she said, "would you be so mean as to hit a dog who is too sick to bite you?" Tom prided himself on his bravery. He did not think what a cowardly act it was to do so mean a thing as that. It is for brave boys to defend helpless creatures.

Many years after that the two friends, who had grown to be men, were talking together about their youthful sports

and pleasures. "As I think my life over," said Tom, "there is one incident that I often recall. It had a great influence on me." "What was that?" asked his friend. "I wonder if it was what little Mary did?" "That is the very thing," said Tom. "She asked if I could be so mean as to throw a stone at a dog who was too sick to bite me. I have never been tempted to do a mean action but that has come to me. It is wonderful how much good those words did."

This story is true. I heard one of the two friends tell it, and I thought it might encourage some one to be as brave as little Mary was when she stopped the big boy from doing wrong.



## The Little Boy.



SEE me; I am a little boy  
Who loves to go to school;  
And though I am not very old,  
I'll prove I am no fool;

For I can count one, two, three, four,  
Say one and two make three;  
Take one away and two remain,  
As you may plainly see.

And better still, I learn that God  
Made all things that I see;  
He made the earth, he made the sky,  
And he made you and me.

## Kept In.


**H**OW MANY little boys and girls know just what it is to be kept in school to do examples during recess, or at noon-time. It is a great trial to be deprived of the pleasure of playing with other children, and what makes it worse is, those examples must be done before Bertie can go home. Poor Bert. He was out late last night playing on the street with some boys, when he should have been in the house studying his lessons for to-morrow. But then he thought he would make up for it by getting up early in the morning, and studying before the bell rang for school. But here he was mistaken. He slept so late that there was scarcely time to get his breakfast and get to school in time. Soon his class was called up to the desk, and Bert was the only one that had an imperfect mark. He seems to be in deep thought as he sits there biting on his pencil. He sees the boys outside playing bat and ball; that only worries him, and makes matters a good deal worse. After this, I think Bert will remember the old saying, "never put off till to-morrow what you should do to-day."

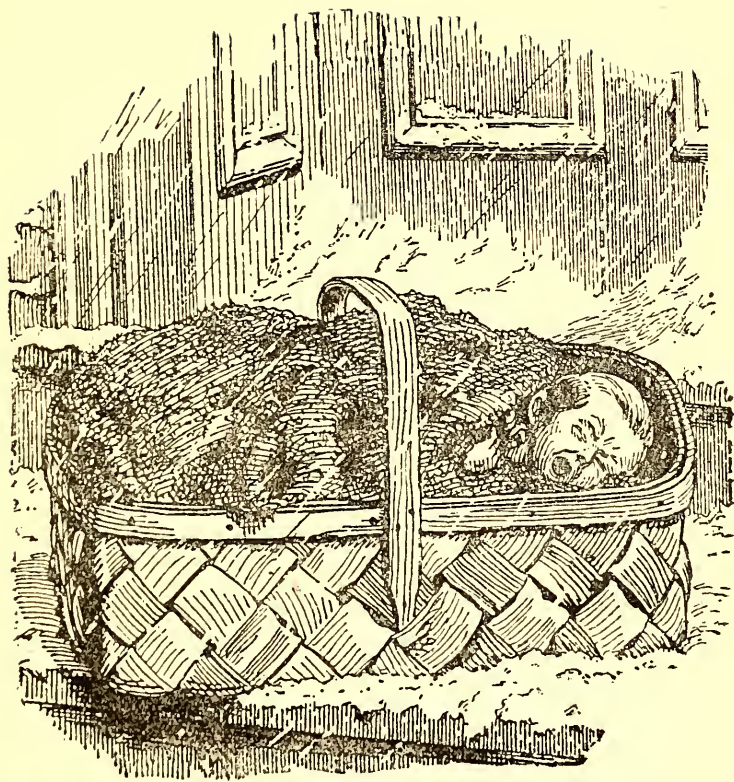


KEPT IN.




## The Deserted Child.

ON'T you feel sorry for this little baby that is left all alone on somebody's stoop? What cruel mother could have taken her little one, that God gave her, and wrapping it up, left it alone in the world, not caring whether it would be found and taken care of or not. But how often we read of mothers taking their little babe and leaving it on the stoop of some institution. Our picture shows us how some little ones are treated. Babes found in this way are always taken to some institution and cared for by the Matron, and oftentimes have better care than their parents can give them. Sometimes the name is written on a piece of paper, and pinned to their clothing, and we read of mothers leaving their children in this way, and hiding behind something, watch and wait till they see it taken in. The little ones are given a home until they are ten or twelve years old, then some mother comes who wants a little girl to help her do housework, and she takes one, and oftentimes adopts her as her own. How thoughtful little boys and girls should be who have parents and pleasant homes.



THE DESERTED CHILD.

## Eost Milly.

LARENCE and Milly started from their home one afternoon in Winter to visit their Auntie. It was quite a journey across the Alps, but as the day was fine, although cold, their mamma thought they could reach their Auntie's long before night set in. They had a pet dog called Carlo who always went with them. Carlo was a shepherd's dog and thought the children were not safe unless he was along. The mother, too, felt safe when she saw the three start off, well wrapped up to protect them from the cold winds that blow across the mountain's path, but they had not gone very far before a snow storm set in. The children hurried along, but the snow was falling so thick and fast that soon they were unable to see the foot path. Carlo was faithful to his charge, and seeming to know that night was coming on, and the children worn out with the tramp, began to howl as though he was calling for help. Poor Milly was numb with the cold and at last gave up, choosing the snow for her bed. She was not long conscious, for she was soon sleeping the sleep of death. Carlo kept his place close beside her, and soon his howls brought some travelers to the spot; there they found

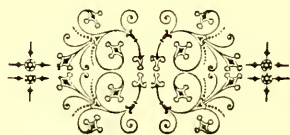






the children, Clarence almost frozen to death and Milly dead. Carlo was as faithful to his charge as "Jack Robinson" was to his. Let me tell you about him.


Jack lived in New Jersey, and thought a great deal of a little girl named Gussie E——. He was Gussie's constant companion and seemed to feel she was under his care. One day a man came to the house for some butter. Jack knew the man was a stranger, and had no right to touch the little girl, so he kept his eye on him. Gussie stood waiting for the wagon to drive up to take her to the orchard, and the man thought he would go along. As soon as the carriage came the men took hold of Gussie's hand to help her in, but no sooner did he take it than Jack jumped at him and showed his teeth. As the carriage drove off, Jack followed closely behind, never leaving the wagon till it brought Gussie back to the house.



THE fisher who draws in his net too soon,  
Won't have any fish to sell;  
The child who shuts up his book too soon,  
Won't learn any lessons well.

## Little Jack and His Goat.

“One, two, three,  
The bumble bee,  
And away she goes,”

 **S**ANG little Jack as he ran around the corner of the house with his goat. It was a fine little goat and loved Jack, and Jack loved the goat and was very kind to her. He would harness her to a little cart and she would draw him everywhere he wanted to go.

Jack had a little barn, as he called it, made of a large dry-goods box, for the goat, and every night Nancy slept there. In the morning, when Jack would go to let her out, she seemed to know his step when she heard him coming and would answer to his call.

But one morning when Jack went to open the door he did not hear her loving call, and as he looked in, there she lay flat on her side and paid no attention to him. “Oh, dear,” he cried, “I’m afraid Nancy is dead! What shall I do?”

Then a bright thought came to him. “I can pray,” he said; and kneeling down by Nancy’s side, he repeated,

“Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,”

for that was the only prayer he knew.

His kind father heard his little boy, and some medicine soon made Nancy well again. Jack insisted that his prayer helped to save the goat.

## Think Twice.




OUR boy Freddy, whose portrait is opposite, is in mischief. It is a rainy day, and he cannot have any fun out of doors with an umbrella over his head, so he has kicked off one shoe, and has found a way to amuse himself in doors. By and by, when he wants his shoe, and forgets where he left it, he will have a long hunt for it. He has found his way into a sort of store-room where his father has put away a number of things, which are not of use just now; and has brought with him a hammer, nails, a chisel, a gimlet, and a hat. I hope this is not his father's best hat; because it seems as if it would be the worst before Freddy is done with it. By looking at the picture you will see that Freddy has chipped the chest with the chisel, has bored holes with the gimlet, has driven nails, and is now at work on the hat. Perhaps he means to make it into a watering-pot, or a pepper box; any way, he is spoiling it, and when he thinks what he has done, he will be sorry; for Freddy is not a bad boy, only he does not stop to think. A good many people, old as well as young, do not think until after the damage is done, and cannot be repaired. A good motto for boys and girls is: "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."



THINK TWICE.



## Janet's Text.

ANET'S home was in the country near the seashore and every day she used to go down by the water and play in the sand. Very few little girls enjoyed this sport more than Janet. It was quiet there, and nothing disturbed her save the voice of a sea-gull occasionally. She would dig big holes in the sand with her shovel, and when she was ready to return home, she never forgot to bring mamma a kettle full of sand to scour the kitchen tins. How thoughtful some little children are, not only of mamma, but of their surroundings. Janet had been taught that God gave her everything and that He gave his only Son to die for her that she might live. She loved Jesus and felt she was one of his little ones. Going to the beach one day, this thought came in her mind—that God was all love. Tired of digging holes in the sand, she turned around, seeing a stick picked it up and wrote in large letters on the sand, "God is love." She knew his love was everlasting, and she wanted those words to last forever—covering it over with something she found on the beach she left it and ran home. How much there is in that word—love. The waves could not wash it away, it was too far



from the shore, the rains could not destroy it, for it was protected. Let us be as careful of God's love as Janet was of her text.



## The Mischievous Mice.

**W**HAT a bright little creature a mouse is. How sly and cunning are his ways. He takes good care not to be seen by anyone. How soft his fur and light his tread. Did you ever see white mice?

They are about the size of a gray mouse, only the fur is white and are often found in the hay fields. Mice are very full of mischief and can make a good deal of trouble. In the picture are two mice, drinking milk. Mrs. Pussy has surely gone out for a walk, and Mrs. Mouse has made up her mind to improve every opportunity during her absence. It seems to me they do all their mischief at night, when it is dark, or when the house is still and they feel sure no one is near.

The mice are in their holes,  
And there they hide by day,  
But when it's still at night  
They all come out to play.



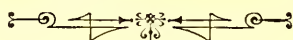


THE MISCHIEVOUS MICE.



They climb upon the shelves  
 And taste of all they please,  
 They drink the milk and cream  
 And eat the bread and cheese.

But when they hear the cat  
 At once they stop their fun;  
 In fright they seek their holes  
 As fast as they can run.



## Working Cheap.

**W**HAT does Satan pay you for swearing?" asked a man of a swearing boy.


"Nothing," was the answer.

"Well," said the man, "you work cheap. To lay off the character of a gentleman, to give so much pain to your friends and all civil folks, to wound your conscience and risk your soul, and all for *nothing*, you certainly do work cheap—very cheap indeed."



**A**BABE in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love, a resting-place for innocence on earth; a link between angels and men.

## Both Sides.

FTER one of the noted London infidels had concluded one of his infidel lectures in a village in the North of England, he challenged those present to discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old, bent woman, in most antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said :

“Sir, I have a question to put to you.”

“Well, my good woman, what is it?”

“Ten years ago,” she said, “I was left a widow, with eight children utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and family. I am now tottering to the grave; but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That’s what my religion has done for me. What has *your* way of thinking done for you?”

“Well, my good lady,” rejoined the lecturer, “I don’t want to disturb your comfort; but——”

“Oh? that’s not the question,” interposed the woman; “keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking done for you?”

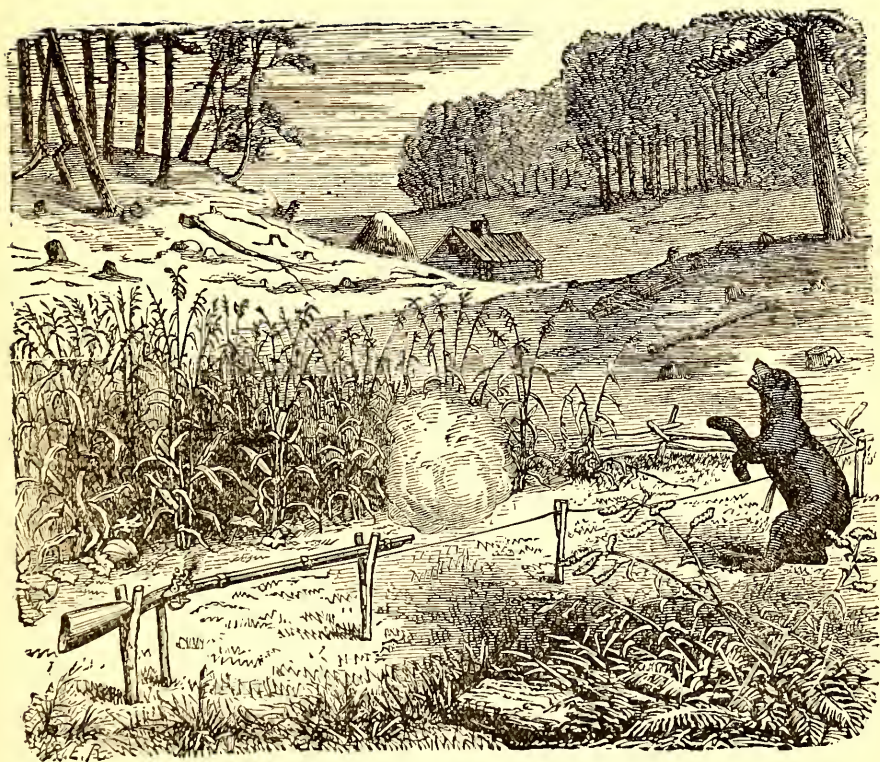
The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again; the feeling of the meeting found vent in uproarious applause, and the skeptic lecturer had to go away discomfited by an old Christain woman.



## The Bear and the Gun.

**D**ID you ever hear of a bear killing himself? That is certainly what the bear in the picture has done. I wouldn't wonder if he had been doing some mischief and the old farmer has laid a trap for him.

Many years ago there was a man who came from Germany, and after he landed on this side of the Atlantic he was unable to find any of his friends. He concluded at last to build a house for himself somewhere, and perhaps he would after a while come across some one he knew. So taking his ax he cut down tree after tree, 'til he had quite a large place cleared. Of the trees he had cut down, he made a log-house, and had a real good comfortable home. No doubt he was lonely there in the woods but he was always busy, so the days passed quickly. He had a nice little garden, and quite a good deal of broom-corn; of this he wanted to make a broom to sweep the dirt out of his house. He was miles away from village or neighbor, and quite



THE BEAR AND THE GUN.



unconscious of the fact that he had an enemy in the woods. Going out one morning to his cornfield he saw a number of tracks in the ground that looked like those of an animal. Then he discovered that some of his melons were gone, so he concluded he would watch for whoever it might be. In day time he never spied a soul, so he thought he would watch at night. He did not watch long before he saw a bear come out of the woods and walk right over to the corn-field. How could he kill him, he thought. If I shoot at him and miss, perhaps he will turn on me and eat me up ; so he concluded he would try a new way of shooting. Driving some stakes in the ground, he tied a rope to the stakes, and on the rope he tied a loaded gun with the trigger tied to the rope, so that if the rope was touched the gun would go off of itself. At night the bear walked out of the woods right over to where the gun was tied. He was so anxious to get a meal of corn, he could not wait to go around, but made up his mind to jump the rope. Children, have you ever heard the old saying—"the farthest way round is the surest way home." This would have worked well in this case if the bear had taken more time and gone around instead of jumping the rope, for no sooner did the bear touch the rope than the trigger was pulled and the bear fell dead. This relieved the anxiety of the farmer and for a while he felt safe.

Children, as we journey through life, let us take good care to get rid of our enemies. There is one laying traps for us continually, and if we are not careful to be on the watch we will fall into his clutches.



## The Way to be Happy.



HOW pleasant it is, at the end of the day,  
No follies to have to repent;—  
To reflect on the past, and be able to say  
That my time has been properly spent.

When I've done all my work with patience and care,  
And been good, and obliging, and kind,  
I lie on my pillow, and sleep away there,  
With a happy and peaceable mind.

But, instead of all this, if it must be confessed  
That I careless and idle have been,  
I lie down as usual to go to my rest,  
But feel discontented within.

Then as I don't like all the trouble I've had,  
In future I'll try to prevent it;  
For I never am naughty without being sad,  
Or good without being contented.

## How Two Little Boys were Punished.



THINK one glance at this picture will tell you just what these two boys have been doing, and what they received in return. Satan always finds something for idle hands to do, and unless we are very careful we are sure to get into trouble. Satan, you know, is never satisfied unless he is laying snares for innocent ones to fall into. The boys had been told often enough not to go near the bee hive, but they thought they could have a good deal of sport tossing the honey bees; so they cut from the trees a long stick, thinking the longer the stick, the farther they would be from the bees. They did not seem to think that the bees had wings and could fly any distance, and they at last would be the sufferers. There they sat and teased those bees, and seemed to enjoy it, but suddenly there was a scream and both boys seemed to feel worse than the honey bees. They were glad enough to drop their stick and run away, making up their minds that after this they would listen to the advice of others, and not let Satan bring them into all sorts of mischief.

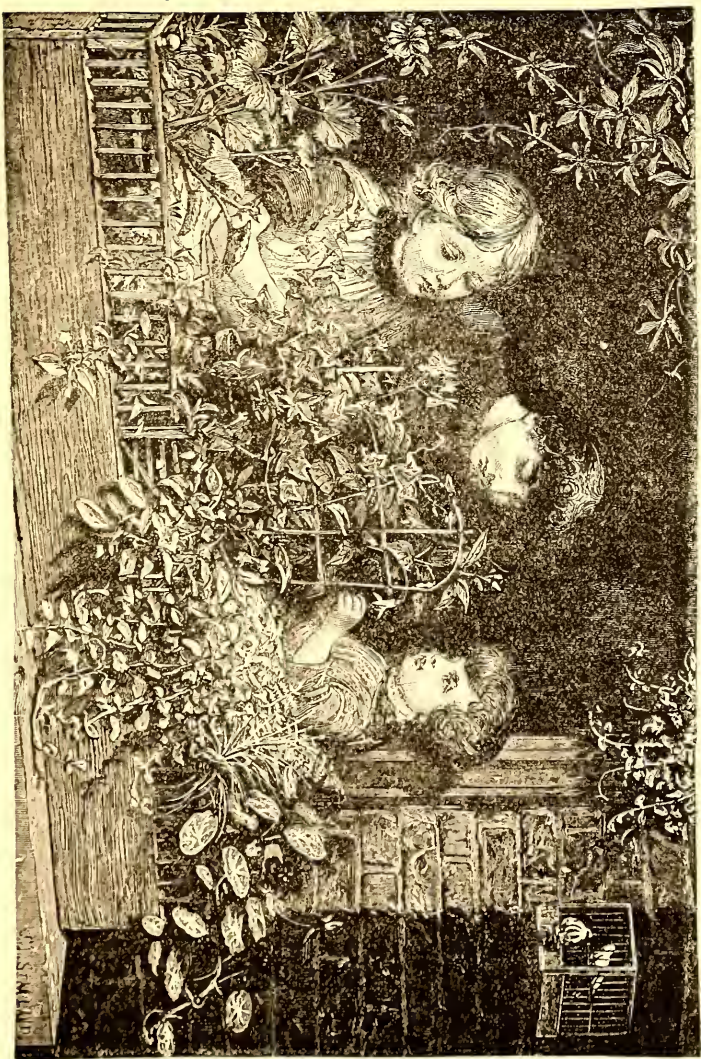


THE BOYS AND THE HONEY BEES.



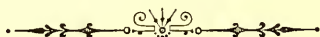
## The Youthful Florists.

**M**RS. NELSON had a lovely home in the country, surrounded on every side by beautiful flowers. A small creek flowed past one side of the house, and on the other side was a beautiful fountain always sending up its light sprays of water, watering the lawn, which looked like a green velvet carpet. Birds built their nests in the trees, bird houses were placed on the limbs, and every morning their notes were heard quite a distance. Mrs. Nelson took great delight in training her vines. There were the Clematis, running along the piazza, in full bloom; then in the evening the "Moon Plant" opened her flowers, and the odor of the plants was lovely. These attractions made her home so beautiful outside. Then the inside had just as many attractions, only of a different nature. Over the mantel hung the cuckoo clock, and every time the hour would strike the cuckoo would fly out and give a few notes. The aquarium looked so pretty as the fish would swim around trying to catch the little particles of food in the water. But of these attractions there were two that made home life beautiful. These were Mrs. Nelson's two daughters, Flora and Bessie. They were orna-



THE YOUTHFUL FLORISTS.

ments for any house, and Mrs. Nelson felt proud of them as she saw them go about their daily duties, cheerfully doing whatever they could to relieve their mother's care. The summer months passed quickly and when Jack Frost came Mrs. Nelson and the little girls were busy among the flowers. Each one had her favorite. Flora was very fond of the Heliotrope and Bessie of the Fushia, and Mrs. Nelson loved to train the Ivy vines around the windows. The Passion flower was the favorite, and was always admired by every one who chanced to see it in bloom. But the jolly time came for the girls when Mamma took the plants up. There was the Ivy to train on the ladder and the Fushia to tie against a stick, and when the plants were brought in the house and placed in the bay window the room looked like a hot house. How many things there are to make a home attractive; not only flowers, but a lovely little child can do more to make a home beautiful than all the ornaments and flowers we can get, and the most beautiful attractions are goodness, obedience, and amiableness. Let these be flowers in each little ones lives.



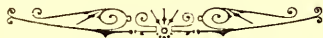
**W**HAT children are, neighborhoods are. What neighborhoods are, communities are,—states, empires, worlds! They are the elements of Hereafter made visible.

JOHN G. SAXE sent the following epigram in reply to an invitation to address a temperance convention:

“You have heard of the snake in the grass, my boy,  
Of the terrible snake in the grass;  
But now you must know,  
Man’s deadliest foe  
Is a snake of a different class.

Alas!

’Tis the venomous snake in the glass!”

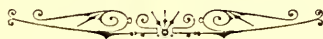


SUSY had fixed some ginger and sweetened water for drink one hot day, and carried some to her father.

“It is too strong,” he said, after trying it.

Off trotted the little one, and soon came back again.

“Try it now, papa,” she said, “I’ve *unstrengthened* it with water.”



AN old Quaker gentleman was once asked how he managed to keep down his temper. “My friend,” he said, “if thee always speaks in a low voice, thee will never be angry.”

Try the old Quaker’s rule.



THERE is no word in the English language so full of thrilling and intense meaning as the word “HOME.”



## Kitty and "Must."



GREAT cry came from the nursery. It was Kitty's cry. "What is the matter with Kitty?" thought her mother, who was lifting down a tureen in the china closet. Presently Kitty came down stairs sobbing. "I am afraid Kitty has somebody with her," thought her mother. Kitty pattered along until she put her little curly head in the china closet. Her mother saw she was not alone; *Ill-humor* was with her. Her mother was sorry. "What is the matter, little daughter?" she asked. Sarah had called her from playing with Noah's ark, and said she *must* have her face washed. "For papa to kiss," said mother.

"I hate *Must*" said Kitty. "Why so?" asked her mother. "Must always makes me cross," said Kitty. "Must only wants to make Kitty a good clean little child," said mother. "If you mind Must, you would love him dearly. Instead of that you take Ill-humor, who always quarrels with Must, and then there are sorry times. How nicely Must has washed Kitty's face." "Is it nice for papa?" asked Kitty going on tiptoe before the glass. "Very," answered mother; "and who curled Kitty's hair?" "Must did that," replied the little girl, "but he did that an hour ago."

The entry door opened, and papa's step was heard coming in. "There's my papa," said she, skipping into the hall, and leaving Ill-humor far behind. "My dear little daughter," said papa, lifting her up over his head, and then giving her a couple of kisses on her two rosy cheeks. "Do I look nice, papa?" she asked. "I think you do," he said, looking at her hair and mouth and hands. "I think you do." "Must does know, I believe truly," thought Kitty; if I hadn't minded him, I should not have been fit for papa's kisses, after eating aunty's orange. Oh, I wish I could always mind Must, and not get cross as I do," and a little sorry shadow came over her heart.

After dinner papa looked at his watch, and jumping up, said he must go. "Does Must make you, papa, as it does me?" Papa said yes. "Don't you think Must is hard, sometimes, *making* us when we don't want to, papa?" Papa answered that Must is one of our best friends, for it only urges us to do what we ought to do. Perhaps we might forget, or put off; but Must says *Do now!* Should we not be very thankful for such a friend? Kitty asked if God gave us Must. And papa replied, Yes, and that he thought we should therefore love to mind him.

When papa had gone, Kitty trudged up-stairs. She wanted to get her black dolly. Sarah met her at the nursery

door, shaking her head, pointing her to go back. Kitty whispered she wanted her black dolly. But Sarah told her she must go away now, as baby had just got asleep, and Kitty's black dolly was in the crib. No, no, she must not try to get it. Kitty grew red. Ill-humor was ready to join her. Then she swallowed the cry that came up in her throat, and said to herself that she would try to mind Must. At this Ill-humor ran away, and little Joy crept up by her side, and put her arms lovingly about the child. They went down stairs together; and Kitty took one of her picture-books, and sat down on the rug at her mother's feet.

Little Joy was with her all the time.



## Have Courage to say "No."

You're starting to-day on life's journey,  
Along on the highway of life;  
You'll meet with a thousand temptations,  
Each city with evil is rife.

This world is a stage of excitement;  
There's danger wherever you go;  
But if you are tempted in weakness,  
Have courage, my friend, to say NO.

The syren's sweet song may allure you ;  
    Beware of her cunning and art ;  
Whenever you see her approaching,  
    Be guarded and haste to depart.

The bright ruby wine may be offered—  
    No matter how tempting it be,  
From poisons that sting like an adder,  
    My friend, have the courage to flee.


The gambling-saloons are before you,  
    Their lights, how they dance to and fro,  
If you should be tempted to enter,  
    Think twice, even thrice, ere you go.

In courage alone lies your safety  
    When you the long journey begin,  
And a trust in our Heavenly Father  
    Will keep you unspotted from sin.

Temptations will go on increasing,  
    As streams from a rivulet flow,  
But if you are true to your manhood,  
    Have the courage, my friend, to say NO.



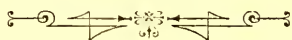
## Friends---But not Equals.

 HERE we have a picture of a donkey. Don't you think a donkey is a funny kind of friend? What long ears he has, but he has a kind look and is good and gentle to his friend Kittie. She has had pleasant rides on his back, and every summer Kittie would take her donkey to the sea shore and pass away many pleasant hours. He was a great favorite among the children, and early in the morning the beach would be crowded with little ones, each hoping to get a ride before noon. Sometimes he would walk so far in the water that the waves would wash over his back and the child on his back would be the sufferer. Donkeys are useful animals, and are very strong. Travelers use them in the Alps for climbing the mountains and carrying their baggage. In France they are used among the peasants, harnessed before a little cart, and oftentimes they are compelled to draw very heavy loads. Sometimes they are very stubborn and won't go when you want them to, and will stand and kick with all their might and open their mouth and make a horrible noise, that can be heard quite a distance. Kittie had a cart she used to harness her donkey to, and sometimes they would go out



early in the morning to gather ferns and pretty leaves. She had trained him to get down on his front knees when she wanted to get on his back, and he could perform several kinds of tricks, such as walking on his hind legs, nodding his head and dancing to music. All these tricks amused the little ones at the beach. Will I tell you what happened to Kittie's friend?

One day she was out riding, and was going to cross a railroad track. He stumbled and fell, throwing Kittie out of the reach of the passing train which completely crushed the poor donkey. Kittie felt badly about her loss, still she knew she had other friends that she valued more highly than she did the donkey. The donkey had been a faithful friend to her, but yet she did not consider him her friend in the same light she did her companions.



## An Evening at Home.



UPPER was all over, dishes cleared away, everything in order, and the family had gathered in the sitting room to pass a pleasant evening. The first thing the children asked for was a story from Grandma. There she sits in the arm-chair, with a white cap on her head. What a pleasant face she has. She has four grand-



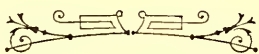




children, and every evening it is their delight to gather around the dear old lady and hear the stories about the Indians. She tells them how they used to come to her home when she was a little girl, and try to sell some fancy baskets of their own make. She remembers, too, about a squaw who used to come for milk, always bringing her papoose with her. Do you know what a papoose is? It is a little baby. How they did listen to her story as she told them of how the squaws would take a piece of bark from the trees, strap their little one on it, and in this way carry the papoose on their backs; and if they were working in the fields, they would take the little one, strap it on a piece of bark and hang it in a tree. The gentle breeze would rock the child to sleep.

One evening after Grandma had told her story, Willie, who is quite an artist, asked Grandma to sit still till he could take her picture. Did you ever sit for a picture? Then you know how funny Grandma feels as she sits there with folded hands, trying to look her prettiest. But do you know there is one face missing in that picture? That is Papa's. Yes, Papa is absent and his face has been missing four years. Many times have they spoken of his death and of the accident that befell him while he was working in the machine shop. He enjoyed his home so much, because when he entered it after his days work, he was always greeted with

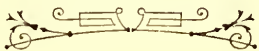
smiles and kisses from the children and loved ones. What makes a home happy? Is it not pleasant faces and kind words? What makes a home miserable? Is it not quarrels and harsh words? In making our home, let us make one that will make every one happy around us. Then we will be sure to be happy ourselves.



OUR life is a school-time; and, till that shall end,  
With our Father in heaven for Teacher and Friend,  
O! let us well perform each task that is given,  
Till our time of probation is ended in heaven.




A MAN who had opened a liquor-saloon was about to put up his sign, and requested his neighbor's advice, what he should put on it. The man replied, "I advise you to write on it, 'Beggars made here.'"



TRUTH crushed to earth shall rise again;  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies among her worshippers.

## An After-School Reverie.

 HERE sits little Grace under the apple tree. Her books and slate she has thrown down and she looks tired and worried. She is almost home; but thought she would rest a little while until her school-mates passed by. Gracie did not have a pleasant day in school; her lessons were not perfect and everything seemed to go wrong with her, and she felt discouraged as she sat down under the tree and began to wonder what the next day would bring forth. Her school-mates loved her very much, and if at any time there was any trouble Gracie was always the one to settle the dispute. In her class she was either first or second, and her class-mates were always anxious to help her to the utmost of their power. She never would allow them to prompt her, for that she considered wrong, and would fail before she would allow the others to assist her in any way.

Why was she so anxious about the morrow? She knew vacation was drawing near, and only a few days remained to tell the story whether she would be promoted or not. As she left school that afternoon, the teacher came to her and said "Gracie, what is it that troubles you so?" Gracie



AN AFTER-SCHOOL REVERIE.



made no reply but passed on, firmly resolving to do her best the next day. Just before she reached her home she saw something lying on the ground. She stooped down, and picking it up discovered it was a little horse shoe, with the two words "good luck" on it. How this made Gracie's heart leap for joy, for now it seemed to her that the morrow would be a joyful day to her and all would end well. Gracie studied hard that night, and when she closed her eyes to sleep she did not feel so worried.

How many little girls know what it is to be disappointed. How anxious they are when examination day comes and to know who will carry off the first prize. Gracie was not the brightest scholar in her class. There was one ahead of her, a little boy only a year younger. Grace feared the little boy would take the prize, and she, being older would feel ashamed of herself. Examination day came, bright and lovely, and every scholar was wild with excitement. The school-room was crowded with visitors, each mother anxious that her child should do the best. The spelling class was called to take their stand. The class numbered twenty, and all failed on one word but two, and those two were Grace and her little friend. Now came the time when Grace or the boy would take the prize. It was a hard pull, and after spelling word after word, the judge said it

could easily be decided which should have the prize, but he would leave it entirely to the judgment of the visitors. Imagine Grace, how astonished she was when it was decided that both should have the prize. Now this pleased Grace more than if she alone had received it.

Both scholars went home that day happy, and Grace attributed her good luck to the finding of the horse shoe; but it was in reality due to the careful preparation and hard study which she had given during the preceding weeks.



## Willie and His Pets.

**S**OME little boys and girls may wonder what strange looking animals Willie has. The one on his shoulder looks something like a little pig and the one in his hand looks like a little rabbit. Willie's pets are guinea pigs, and they seem very fond of him. What do you suppose Willie does with his pets? They are not trained to perform as monkeys do for organ-grinders, and it does not seem that he is going out for a walk with them for he has a strap around his neck, and fast to the strap






is a box. I wonder what the box is for. He carries something to eat in that for the guinea pigs. But what does he do with the guinea pigs? Well, he does what a good many boys do for their mother. He sells them and gives the money to her, for she is poor. Sometimes he gets a good price for one, and then how pleased he is when he gives her all his earnings. Did you ever see a guinea pig? They have a short neck and legs, four toes before and three behind. Their fur is quite long, shiny and coarse; the color is black and white with a faint streak of yellow. They live on carrots, parsley, apples, and other fruits and are very fond of tea leaves. Like hares they sleep with their eyes half open. Their flesh is not eaten and the fur is useless. The only reason they are thought much of is on account of their harmless disposition as well as beauty. They never attempt to scratch or bite and are pleasant pets for children. The tortoise shell ones are the most highly prized.



THE moments fly, a minute's gone;  
The minutes fly, an hour is run;  
The day is fled, the night is here;  
Thus flies a week, a month, a year.



## The Firstlings.

O you see what happy faces these children have? Let me tell you why they look so happy. These children are brothers and sister, and their mamma gave them each a dozen eggs, and told them they might have the little chickens that would hatch from them. Now Jim, the one that is sitting down with a skull cap on, put his eggs under the first hen that wanted to set. Jim felt proud of his hen and dozen eggs, and every day would run to see if any of the eggs were hatched. One day he went and took a sly peep at the eggs while the old hen was off her nest, and he counted only six. Where had the other eggs gone to. At first he thought they were hatched out and the chickens had walked off. But where are the shells he thought. He soon made up his mind something was wrong. Poor Jim felt very sad, but did not tell his brother nor sister. He felt sure, though, about the other six. He waited patiently for his little chicks to put in their appearance, but each day brought its disappointment to poor Jim. His hen at last gave up all hope of raising a family, so she walked off one day, and gave up her nest. Then came




Jack's turn. Poor Jack's eggs met almost the same fate. One day when he went to see if any chicks were around he saw a big rat carrying off an egg, and as it was impossible for Jack to catch the rat, he made way with every one. But little Lulu had better luck than her brothers. Her hen was an old one that had been in the family for years, and was quite a pet. With the children she would play tag and fly up on their shoulders and would do many cunning things. Whenever Lulu would go and look at her eggs to see if any chicks were hatched, the hen would stand upon her nest and let Lulu see just what was there.

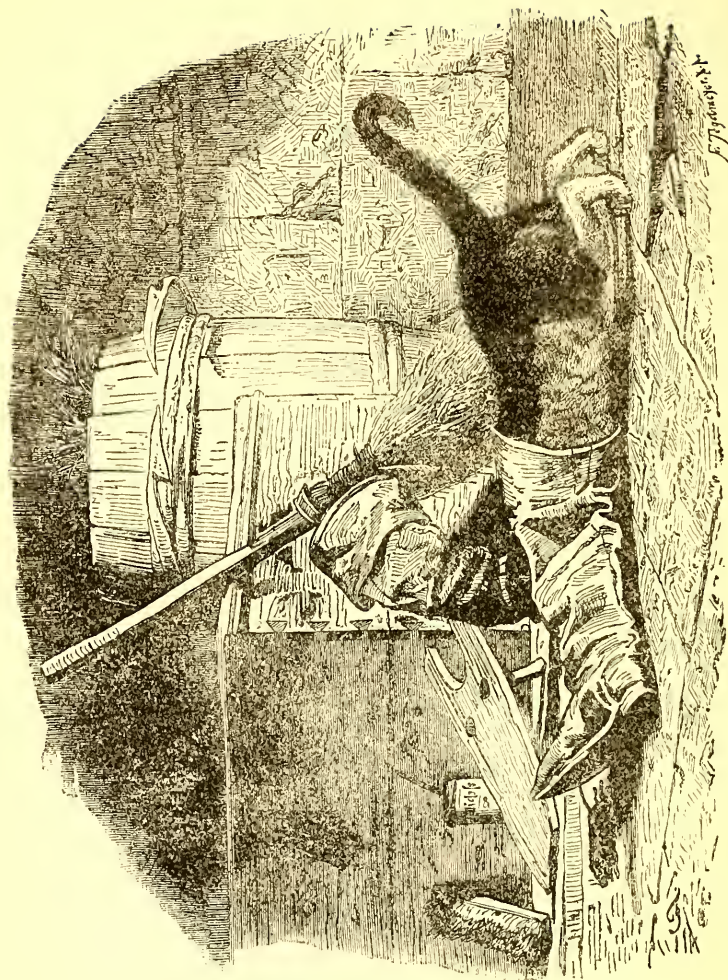
Now her brothers were as anxious about her chickens as they had been about their own, and oftentimes while Lulu was fast asleep early in the morning Jack and Jim were by the hen. One morning the boys went out to see if they could find any chickens, and there on top of the hen's back sat a little chicken not more than an hour old. They ran in great haste to tell Lulu, and she was so delighted that she ran out to see her "firstlings" without stopping to dress herself. How delighted they all were; but among the breed of chickens was a rooster. Now, when the rooster was old enough to crow, he used to get up on Lulu's window sill every morning and crow 'till he would wake her up. Lulu never overslept herself, and was always in time for breakfast.



## Puss on a Bootless Chase.

UN for your life little mousey or you will be caught, for some one is after you. Poor Puss had been hunting in the fields all day for something to eat. She had quite a family of little kittens, and as they were too young to hunt for their own living, puss was obliged to do it for them. She was very proud if she could catch a mouse to bring home, for the kittens seemed to enjoy that for their meal more than anything else. There was a room in an old house where puss had spent much time, and in that same room many a mouse had been chased by a cat. There were a good many hiding places in the room for the mice, but one place in particular they seemed to feel safer; that was in an old chest. For years they had lived there and many a family had been reared. Puss had walked so many times around that old chest, only wishing she might get inside and have the contents. But as she saw the lid was tight down, and the only opening she could find was a little hole in one corner not larger than a copper, she gave up all hope of ever getting it. So many times she would feel sure she had a mouse, but just as poor puss would get at the corner of the chest she met her





A BOOTLESS CHASE.

disappointment—the mouse had disappeared. One day up in that old room puss watched faithfully. Suddenly a mouse came slyly around the corner of the chest, and was quietly walking about, when puss made a spring and jumped for the mouse. In the boot rushed the mouse and puss after it. She felt sure she had her prize, but as she darted in the boot the mouse rushed through a hole in the toe. But what happened to poor puss. Her head was fast, and took so much time to get it loose that mousy had reached her home in safety before puss was able to get her head out.

Here and there and everywhere,  
Up the loft, and down the stair,  
Past the barrel, past the broom,  
Now in shadow, now in gloom ;  
Till at last in John's big boot  
Mousey finds a place to suit.  
In she creeps from puss to hide,  
Pussy's mouth is open wide ;  
Quick, oh quick she follows after,  
Mousy nearly bursts with laughter,  
For a hole yawns in the toe,  
And out of it does mousey go ;  
And while pussy sticks there fast.  
Little mouse escapes at last.

## Wood for Winter Fire.



SEE the farmer drawing home  
Wood for winter fire ;  
How he will pile on the logs  
Higher yet and higher,  
So the household may enjoy  
Pleasant warmth and light ;  
We may see them round the hearth  
On a stormy night—

Mother with her knitting work,  
Annie with her doll,  
And the kind, good Margaret,  
Making Rob a ball ;  
Robbie watching every stitch  
With the brightest smile,  
And the father telling tales,  
Merry tales, the while.

Happy is the household where  
God the Lord is known,  
Where the parents, children, all  
Are his loved and own.  
Earthly honors, wisdom, wealth  
Ne'er to them may come,  
But the blessing of the Lord  
Rests on such a home.

CHOICE

RECITATIONS

FOR

OUR LITTLE ONES.



## Introductory Address.



LADIES AND GENTS: We give to you

A warm and kindly greeting,  
And hope you will be fully paid  
For the labor of this meeting.

We don't expect to do *great* things,  
But then we'll try to please you;  
Our object is not to instruct,  
But only to amuse you.

For life is full enough of what  
Is tangible and real;  
And sometimes greater good is got  
In what is but ideal.

Be pleased to pass our blunders by,  
And only note successes,  
And if you cannot give applause,  
Pray do not give us hisses.

## Before Christmas.



H! What shall I do with Papa?

I've talked till enough has been said.  
I've talked and I've preached to the man;  
And, really, it's tired my head.

He looks into all open drawers,  
And rummages ev'ry high shelf.  
I scold him, but what is the use?  
He isn't ashamed of himself.

There's never a day but he asks:  
"Pet, what are you making for me?"  
There isn't a thing in the house  
That he isn't anxious to see.

Mamma says he does it in sport;  
It must be his nature to tease.  
My pardon I think he should beg;  
But I can't get him down on his knees.

For six weeks, and more, I have tried  
To finish a beautiful pair  
Of slippers I'm making for him;  
But they are a trouble and care.

And I'm making the loveliest rack,  
To keep all his newspapers in;  
But when I am all settled down,  
And my work I fairly begin,

I hear his voice somewhere, down-stairs.  
He asks: "What's become of the child?"  
And if I don't turn my door key  
He comes in and sets me so wild!

He goes to the bank ev'ry day;  
But is home at a little past three.  
Of course, for the rest of the day,  
From all kinds of work he is free.

And then he goes staring around,  
To that he was always inclined;  
And Mamma, to tell the plain truth,  
Don't know how to teach him to mind.

She speaks in the sweetest of tones;  
And bids him to be quiet and read.  
She says: "Now don't bother the child,"  
But he laughs and says: "Oh! indeed!"

Sometimes ne pretends that he reads;  
But over his paper he peeps.  
I think he is always awake;  
For no one can tell when he sleeps

Well, a man will never give heed  
To a woman's wholesome advice.  
If I were the owner of one,  
I never would speak to him twice.

And I'm very sure I would cure  
All his prying, bothering ways;  
Or he'd go to the bank and stay  
Until after the holidays.

For my mother I'm making a scarf—  
An elegant, cardinal red.  
I work at it all my spare time;  
But never a word has she said.



To show that she even suspects

I am making something for her.

She glides in and out of the room ;

I sit where I am ; I don't stir.

Why should I when she's so polite ?

She never is looking at me,

Or troubling herself to find out

How much of my work she can see.

O, Papa ! do shut up your eyes !

But, then, I don't know as you can ;

And Mamma declares, with a smile,

That you are a wide-awake man.

But you are so kind and so good ;

And I have been talking for fun.

Why, you're the best man I have seen,

The very best under the sun.

The things I am making for you !

You'll have them at Christmas ; you'll see,

I haven't the faintest idea

What you will be giving to me.

And I am not going to ask ;  
I know they'll be lovely and new.  
And oh ! they'll be precious to me,  
For they'll be exactly like you.



## A Lesson in *A* Dream.

**I**N years gone by I had a child,  
I thought her very fair,  
With rosy cheeks and dimpled chin,  
Brown eyes and golden hair.

She was a wayward, laughing child,  
So full of careless glee.  
I often mourned to think how sad  
Her future lot might be.

But grandma said, "Though faulty, she  
No penalty incurs ;  
You'll never find a woman's head  
On shoulders young as hers."

One night I had a fearful dream;  
The memory haunts me yet;  
A dream so fraught with agony  
I never can forget.

Methought in answer to my call,  
She came with measured tread;  
When, lo, upon her shoulders fair  
Was poised a woman's head?

I saw the scanty grizzled locks,  
The features stern and bold,  
Instead of brown eyes, dimpled chin,  
And floating locks of gold.

A harsh voice from the thin lips said,  
"You were displeased with me,  
So I've exchanged my giddy head  
For a steady one, you see."

"O woe is me! What have I done?"  
I cried in my despair;  
"Lost are my darling's childish ways,  
Brown eyes and golden hair!"

“Wake, mamma, wake!” a sweet voice called,  
“Oh, tell me, mamma, why  
You toss and moan so in your sleep?  
It makes me want to cry.”

I opened wide my wondering eyes  
With rapture to behold  
Again the brown eyes, dimpled chin  
And floating curls of gold.

I caught my darling to my heart,  
I kissed her o'er and o'er;  
Restored to me as from the dead,  
I could not ask for more.

Be patient, mothers, every day,  
Although with mischief rife  
Are the fair-haired, bright-eyed little ones,  
So full of love and life.”





## Remember, Boys.



LITTLE friends, when you are at play on the street,  
Half frantic with frolic, laughter and noise,  
Don't ever forget to bow when you meet—  
When you meet an old man with gray hairs, **my**  
boys.

Is the aged man feeble, decrepit and lame?  
Does he lean on his staff with unsteady poise?  
Never mock at his sorrow, but stop in your game  
And bow to the man with gray hairs, my boys.

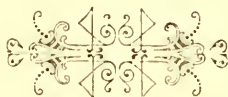
If he sometimes halts in his tottering pace  
To witness the flow of your innocent joys,  
Don't jostle the old man out of his place,  
But greet his gray locks with a bow, my boys.

Remember, the years are only a few  
Since he, on the street with his games and toys,  
Was healthy and happy and active like you;  
And bright as the sun were his curls, my boys.

But age has furrowed the cheek that was fair;  
While sorrows have broken his once mellow  
voice;  
And now there is many a silvery hair  
On the head where the curls were so bright, my  
boys.

The Spring-day of youth is a gem; it is gold.  
But Time all its glorious luster destroys;  
And, gay little friends, if you live to be old,  
Your steps will be slow, your locks gray, my  
boys.

So, when you are blithely at play on the street,  
Half frantic with frolic and laughter and noise,  
Remember to pleasantly bow when you meet—  
When you meet an old man with gray hairs,  
my boys.



**W**E live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths,  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

## Two Boys.



TWO boys came into the world one day;  
And each gave joy to a mother's heart.  
The one was sad, and the other gay,  
And both were fitted to play their part.  
One was sober, quiet, and sad;  
But quick and bright was the other lad.

One went out with his flag unfurled  
To meet the breeze; and was swiftly borne  
To the Friendly Isles, and there gayly whirled  
Over the breakers from night till morn;  
Young and careless and full of joy,  
All hearts made room for the lovely boy.

His handsome face and his merry glance,  
His ready wit and good-natured wiles,  
Made even the distant ones advance  
To bask in the light of his sunny smiles.  
Ah, he was flattered and much caressed,  
And many a glass to his lips was pressed.

Many a glass of a poisoned sweet,  
Fearing nought, did he drain, in truth,  
That in slippery places drew the feet  
Of the friendly and unsuspecting youth;  
And down and down he began to go,  
Caught in the treacherous undertow.

The other boy, of a quiet turn,  
Of awkward manners and solemn looks  
And surly speech, cared little to learn  
The lessons of life not found in books;  
Cross, ill-natured, severe and grim,  
Little joy could be had with him.

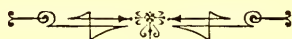
His friends were few; but 'twas all the same,  
What did he care for a smile or a frown?  
He'd his way to make—a decided aim;  
And no one living could put him down;  
Lord of himself, stubborn and proud,  
He kept his place 'mid the jostling crowd.

No heed to those who would lead astray,  
No heed to the siren spell he gave;  
But went right on in an earnest way  
Till he rode at ease on the topmost wave;



And those who thought him a churl began  
To respect and honor the self-made man.

'Tis thus that the children play their part;  
And the boys we love for their liveliness,  
Who hold our hearts from the very start,  
Seldom if ever attain success.  
Easily tempted they are, and so  
Caught in life's treacherous undertow.



## Thanksgiving.

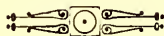


LL tell you about it, my darling, for grandma's  
explained it all,  
So that I understand why Thanksgiving always  
comes late in the fall,  
When the nuts and the apples are gathered, and  
the work in the field is done,  
And the fields, all reaped and silent, are asleep in  
the autumn sun.

It is then that we praise Our Father who sends  
the rain and the dew,  
Whose wonderful loving kindness is every morning  
new;

Unless we'd be heathen, Dolly, or worse, we must  
sing and pray,  
And think about good things, Dolly, when we  
keep Thanksgiving Day.

But I like it very much better when from church  
we all go home,  
And the married brothers and sisters, and the  
troups of cousins come,  
And we're ever so long at the table, and dance and  
shout and play,  
In the merry evening, Dolly, that ends Thanksgiv-  
ing Day.



## Temperance Address.

[FOR A VERY YOUNG LECTURER.]



THINK that every mother's son,  
And every father's daughter,  
Should drink—at least till twenty-one  
Just nothing but cold water.

And after that they might drink tea  
But nothing any stronger.  
If all folks would agree with me  
They'd live a great deal longer.

## The Leaves and the Wind.



OME, little leaves," said the wind one day—  
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play;  
Put on your dresses of red and gold—  
Summer is gone and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,  
Down they came fluttering, one and all:  
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,  
Singing the soft little songs that they knew:

"Cricket, good-by, we've been friends so long!  
Little brook, sing us your parting song—  
Say you are sorry to see us go;  
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,  
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;  
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade:  
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went;  
Winter had called them, and they were content.  
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,  
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

## Time Enough.



TWO little squirrels, out in the sun—  
One gathered nuts, the other had none ;  
“Time enough yet,” his constant refrain,  
“Summer is still just on the wane.”

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate ;  
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late.  
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,  
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed ;  
One always perfect, the other disgraced ;  
“Time enough yet for learning,” he said,  
“I will climb, by and by, from the foot to the head.”

Listen, my friends ; their locks are turned gray ;  
One, as a governor, sitteth to-day ;  
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door  
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day ;  
One is at work, the other at play.  
Living uncared for, dying unknown,  
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.



## The Blue and the Gray.



HEY sat together, side by side,  
In the shade of an orange tree;  
One had followed the flag of Grant,  
The other had fought with Lee.

The boy in blue had an empty sleeve,  
A crutch had the boy in gray;  
They talked of the long and weary march,  
They talked of the bloody fray.

“My chief is dead,” the Johnny said,  
“A leader brave was he;  
And sheathed fore’er at Lexington,  
Doth hang the sword of Lee.”

“My leader lives,”—the boy in blue  
Spoke low and with a sigh—  
“But all the country waits in fear  
That he to-day may die.”

“God bless our Grant!” the vet’ran said,  
And dropped a tear, and then  
In heartfelt tones the answer came,  
For the rebel said—“*Amen.*”

## Which Loved Best.




LOVE you, mother," said little John,  
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,  
And he was off to the garden swing,  
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell,—  
"I love you better than tongue can tell;"  
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,  
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;  
"To day I'll help you all I can:  
How glad I am school doesn't keep!"  
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep;  
  
Then stepping softly she fetched the broom,  
And swept the floor, and tidied the room:  
Busy and happy all day was she,—  
Helpful and happy as a child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said,  
Three little children going to bed:  
How do you think that mother guessed  
Which of them really loved her best?

## Don't Fret.

DON'T fret if your neighbor earns more than **you** do,  
Don't frown if he gets the most trade;  
Don't envy your friend if he rides in his coach,  
Don't mind if you're left in the shade.

Don't rail at the schoolboy who fails in his task,  
Nor envy the one who succeeds;  
Don't laugh at the man who is Poverty's slave,  
Nor think the rich never have needs.

It's not wisdom to covet our neighbor's good gifts;  
We would seldom change places, I ween.  
If we knew all our neighbor's affairs as our own,  
For things are not what they seem.

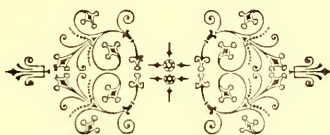
You see the rich merchant enjoying his ride,  
And think he exults over you;  
You do not imagine that he feels the same,  
And thinks you more blest of the two.

You see people pass in and out of a store,  
But you must not judge business thereby;  
You must look at the books, at the way they "foot up,"  
Ere you venture your judgment to try.

You don't know what you say when you envy a man  
Either fortune, or friends, or a home;  
His fortune and friends may be only in name,  
And his home far less blest than your own.

You may know the old adage, which teaches the fact,  
That a skeleton must be somewhere;  
If not found in library, kitchen, or hall,  
It is hid in the closet with care.

So don't envy the blest, nor despise the outcast,  
Don't judge by the things which you see;  
Make the burdens of men as light as you can,  
And the lighter your burden will be.



## Bad Thoughts.

**B**AD Thought's a thief! He acts his part;  
Creeps through the window of the heart;  
And, if he once his way can win,  
He lets a hundred robbers in.



## Answered Prayers.



PRAYED for riches and achieved success.

All that I touched turned into gold. Alas!

My cares were greater and my peace was less

When that wish came to pass.

I prayed for glory; and I heard my name

Sung by sweet children and by hoary men.

But ah! the hurts, the hurts that come with fame

I was not happy then.

I prayed for love, and had my soul's desire;

Through quivering heart and body and through brain

There swept the flame of its devouring fire;

And there the scars remain.

I prayed for a contented mind. At length

Great light upon my darkened spirit burst.

Great peace fell on me, also, and great strength.

Oh! had that prayer been first!

## Wanted---A Minister's Wife.



T length we have settled a Pastor,—

I am sure I cannot tell why  
The people should grow so restless,  
Or candidates grow so shy.

But after two years' searching

For the "smartest" man in the land,  
In a fit of desperation  
We took the nearest at hand.

And really he answers nicely

To "fill up the gap," you know;  
To "run the machine" and "bring up arrears,"  
And make things generally go.

He has a few little failings;

His sermons are commonplace quite;  
But his manner is very charming,  
And his teeth are perfectly white.

And so of all the "dear people,"

Not one in a hundred complains,

For beauty and grace of manner  
Are so much better than *brains*.  
But the parish have all concluded  
He needs a partner for life,  
To shine a gem in the parlor:  
“Wanted—a Minister’s Wife!”

Wanted—a perfect lady,  
Delicate, gentle, refined,  
With every beauty of person,  
And every endowment of mind.  
Fitted by early culture  
To move in a fashionable life—  
Please notice our advertisement:  
“Wanted—a Minister’s Wife!”

Wanted—a thorough-bred worker,  
Who well to her household looks,  
(Shall we see our money wasted,  
By extravagant Irish cooks?)  
Who cut the daily expenses  
With economy sharp as a knife,  
And washes and scrubs in the kitchen:  
“Wanted—a Minister’s Wife!”

A "very domestic person,"

To "callers" she must not be "out;"

It has such a bad appearance -

For her to be gadding about,—

Only to visit the parish

Every year of her life,

And attend the funerals and weddings:

"Wanted—a Minister's Wife?"

To conduct the "ladies' meetings,"

The "sewing circle" attend,

And when we have "work for the soldiers,"

Her ready assistance to lend;

To clothe the destitute children,

Where sorrow and want are rife,

To hunt up Sunday School scholars:

"Wanted—a Minister's Wife!"

Careful to entertain strangers,

*Travelling agents* and "such;"

Of this kind of "angel visits"

The deacons had so much,

As to prove a perfect nuisance,

And "hopes these plagues of their life



Can soon be sent to their parsons:

“Wanted—a Minister’s Wife!”

A perfect pattern of prudence

To all others, spending less,

But never disgracing the parish

By looking shabby in dress.

Playing the organ on Sunday

Would aid our laudable strife

To save the society’s money:

“Wanted—a Minister’s Wife!”

And when we have found the person,

We hope, by working the two,

To lift our debt, and build a new church—

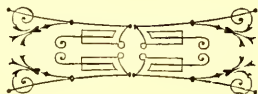
Then we shall know what to do;

For they will be worn and weary,

Needing a change of life,

And we’ll advertise—“Wanted—

A Minister and his Wife!”



## A Child's Conclusion.

**M**AMMA," he said, "You ought to know  
The place. It's name is wicked, though  
Not China. No. But if you fell  
Through China you would be there! Well.

"Fred said something very bad,  
Named Satan, stayed down there and had  
Oh, such a fire to burn things! You  
Just never mind. It can't be true.

"Because I've digged and digged to see  
Where all that fire could ever be,  
And looked and looked down through the dark,  
And never saw a single spark.

"But Heaven is sure; because if I  
Look up, I always see the sky—  
Sometimes the gold-gates shine clear through—  
And when you see a thing, it's true!"



**A** THING of beauty is a joy forever:  
Its loveliness increases; It will never  
Pass into nothingness.

## Young Ladies of the Present Day.



THE fair young girls of the present day  
Are warper's dolls indeed;  
They cannot stand the sun's warm rays,  
Or knead a loaf of bread.

They cannot scrub the kitchen floor,  
Or make a chamber bed,  
Or take a step beyond the door  
For they are almost dead.

But if there's a party or a ball  
Within some miles around,  
They'll dress in all their finery,  
And go off with a bound.

They'll lie in bed the whole next day,  
Or stupidly sit down  
To read the last new novel which  
Has found its way to town.

## The Water Drinkers.



PASSED a garden where roses bright  
Were clustering close to the lillies white;  
The noonday sun was ablaze o'erhead;  
"We're very thirsty," the flowers said.

"Thou lovely lily, so fair to see,  
Oh, wherefore shouldst thou thirsty be?  
For gladly into thy cup I'll pour  
The sparkling wine from my choicest store!"

The lily folded her pure white cup  
And closed each ivory petal up!  
The rosebud shook in the breeze her head;  
"We drink the rain and the dew," she said.

I took my wine to the birds that flew  
Around the bank where the flowers grew.  
They would not come of my glass to taste;  
The lark flew up to the sky in haste.

The thrush sang "No" from her leafy spray,  
The robin hopped with a chirp away;



The blackbird raised from the stem his head;  
“Our drink is that of the flowers,” he said.

I saw a child on that summer’s day  
Amid the flowers and birds at play;  
I brought him wine, but he answered, “No,”  
With rosy lips as he bade me go.

“I do not care for the ruby wine  
While water fresh from the stream is mine!”  
He smiled and merrily shook his head;  
“My drink is that of the birds,” he said.



## Misplaced Confidence.



SAT me down upon my nest;  
I covered with my soft, warm breast  
Eleven eggs, so fair and white,  
And knew, or thought I knew, that when  
A certain time had passed, that then  
Eleven chicks would greet my sight.

Three weeks in this most dignified  
Retirement did I sit and bide

My time. I did not even take  
The necessary exercise.  
From dawn to dark, sunset or rise,  
I sat there, for dear duty's sake.

I hardly dared to eat or sleep,  
Lest I should miss the first faint peep.

If ever living hen did try  
To do her very level best  
By eleven eggs in a nest,  
Her utmost duty, then did I.

I heard them peck against the shell;  
I was more glad than I can tell,  
So glad was I when first they peeped.  
And now the end is come, and now,  
I pray you, let me tell you how,  
And what the sad reward I've reaped.

When first they left the nest, my eyes  
Were stricken with a great surprise;  
With dire dismay my heart was struck.

They waddled! waddled! Do you hear?  
As sure as I am standing here,  
My every chicken was a duck!


Imagine, if you can, in part,  
The sadness that weighed down my heart  
When first this broke upon my view;  
A sense of confidence abused,  
A sense of being most ill-used  
Made me a sad hen through and through.

I'd had my dreams; how I would bring  
Each little, feathery, fluffy thing  
Up unto henhood, fair and sweet.  
And now what chance have I? It fills  
My heart with grief to see their bills  
And their ridiculous webbed feet.

Hens have some rights! I do not know  
That there is aught that I can do;  
But I'm resolved, for one, that, when  
I'm so imposed upon, I'll dare  
To tell the story everywhere.

I will, indeed, though but a hen.

## At Close of Day.

F you sit down at set of sun  
And count the acts that you have done;  
And, counting, find  
One self-denying act; one word  
That eased the heart of him who heard;  
One glance most kind,  
That fell like sunshine where it went—  
Then you may count that day well spent.  
  
But if, through all the livelong day,  
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;  
If through it all  
You've nothing done that you can trace  
That brought the sunshine to one face;  
No act most small,  
That helped some soul, and nothing cost—  
Then count that day as worse than lost.



**A** KINDLY act is a kernel sown,  
That will grow to a goodly tree,  
Shedding its fruit when time has flown  
Down the gulf of Eternity.



## Poor Dear Child!



PICTURE me in broad-brimmed hat,  
Four years old and small at that,  
Out one sunny afternoon  
In the latter part of June,  
In a field of daisies.

Bobbing round in childish glee,  
Chasing butterfly and bee,  
While the old folks in the shade  
Watched as in and out I played  
In the maze of daisies.

I could see—they were so tall—  
Sky and daisies—that was all.  
So I raised a wailing cry ;  
There they looked and there was I  
Lost among the daisies !

I have never since then known  
What it is to be alone  
As I was. Poor little me !  
In that wide, green, white-capped sea  
All engulfed in daisies.

## Dutchman's Breeches.



H! Mamma! Mamma! What do you think?"

Cried out my merry May,

"As sure as you live and breathe and wink,

It's the fairies' washing day.

"I've been in the woods with Bell and Grace,

And I know what I talk about,

For under the trees in every place

Their clothes were hanging out.

"Tiny breeches, as white as snow,

Hung on the stems to dry,

Swinging and dancing, row on row,

Whenever a wind goes by.

"Just as cunning as clothes can be,

Puckered around the band;

But never a fairy could we see,

Not even a little hand.

"But, Mamma, they hung no aprons there,

Though we watched and made no noise.

And oh! I'm afraid—and it isn't fair—

That the fairies all are boys!"

## Fairy Folk.



O I believe in fairy stories?"

Darling, of course I do ;

In giants so tall,

And Titania small,

I believe in them all.

Don't you ?

"Was there ever any Red Riding Hood?"

Oh, yes; without a doubt.

There are wolves to-day,

To lead you astray.

When they come into your way,

Look out?

"And was there really a Cinderella,

With haughty sisters?" Why, yes,

I've met with her since,

And, though proud ones may wince,

She'll marry the Prince

I guess.

“And was there a Blue Beard?” Yes, my darling,  
There was. But the beard’s turned red.

If you tread on his toes  
Or his secrets disclose  
In a minute off goes  
Your head!

And the fairy-folk will never, no, never  
Refuse to help you along,  
If you form an alliance  
With first-class giants  
And bid defiance  
To wrong.

Love and Duty are real twin fairies,  
Beautiful, good, and true;  
By them we’re attended;  
By them we’re commended;  
I think they’re just splendid.  
Don’t you?





## The Lonely Grave and Effie.



DOWN the street the soldiers came  
With steady, marching feet.  
The "bands" were sending everywhere  
Their strains of music sweet,  
My little Effie went with me  
To watch the soldiers strew  
Bright buds and blossoms on the graves  
Of their old comrades true.

One lone, neglected grave lay bare  
Beside the fence near by.  
"Whose is it?" Effie asked of me.  
"Some stranger's" answered I.  
Now here, now there, the flowers were laid  
By loving, loyal hands,  
In honor of the men who died  
At Freedom's loud demands.

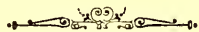
I missed my little one at last,  
And turned about to see  
If in the crowd that gathered near  
My little girl might be.  
Not there! Ah no! but close beside  
The stranger's grave I found  
The little figure stooping low,  
And pulling from the ground

The yellow dandelions which grew  
So free for all to find.  
She raised her troubled eyes to mine:  
"Mamma, it wasn't kind  
To pile those flowers *all* over there,  
And give the stranger none.  
I'm *sorry* for this grave, Mamma,  
'Cause it is all alone."

And then she spread with little hands,  
Above the grave so bare  
Her golden dandelions, and dressed  
The lonely spot with care,

The while the breezes kissed her cheek  
And stirred her curls of gold,  
And down the leafy avenues  
The martial music rolled.

“There, now, Mamma, the stranger won’t  
Feel lonely any more!”  
I clasped my baby in my arms  
And kissed her o’er and o’er.  
And well I know that angels blessed  
The child I bore away;  
The child who dressed the “*stranger’s*” grave  
On Decoration Day.



**G**OD is my friend; I need not fear,  
For he is good and always near;  
And he will keep me by his power  
From day to day, from hour to hour.  
  
I am a sinner, but I know,  
For God’s own Word has told me so,  
That Jesus Christ came down from heaven  
To die, that I might be forgiven.

## The True Story of Little Boy Blue.



LITTLE Boy Blue, so the story goes,  
One morning in Summer fell fast asleep,  
When he should have been, as every one knows,  
Watching the cows and sheep.

All of you children remember what  
Came of the nap on that summer morn;  
How the sheep got into the meadow-lot,  
The cows got into the corn.

Neglecting a duty is wrong, of course,  
But I've always felt, if we could but know,  
That the matter was made a great deal worse  
Than it should have been; and so

I find, in my sifting, that there was one  
More to blame than little Boy Blue.  
I'm anxious to have full justice done,  
And so I know are you.



The one to blame I have found to be,  
I'm sorry to say it, Little Bo-Peep;  
But you will remember, perhaps, that she  
Had trouble about her sheep.

Well, little Bo-Peep came tripping along,  
The sheep she tended were running at large;  
Little Boy Blue sat singing a song,  
Faithfully minding his charge.

Said Little Bo-Peep: "It's a burning shame  
That you should sit here from week to week.  
Just leave your work, and we'll play a game  
Of—well, of hide and seek."

It was dull work, and he liked to play  
Better, I'm sure, than to eat or sleep;  
He liked the bloom of the Summer day;  
He liked—he liked Bo-Peep.

And so, with many a laugh and shout,  
They hid from each other—now here, now there;  
And whether the cows were in or out  
Bo-Peep had never a care.

“I will hide once more,” said the little maid,  
“You shall not find me this time, I say  
(Shut your eyes up tight.” Boy Blue obeyed),  
“Under this stack of hay.”

“Now, wait till I call,” said Miss Bo-Peep,  
And over the meadows she slipped away,  
With never a thought for cows or sheep—  
Alas! alas! the day.

And long and patiently waited he  
For the blithesome call from her rosy lip.  
He waited in vain—quite like you see,  
The boy on the burning ship.

She let down the bars, did Miss Bo-Peep—  
Such trifles as bars she held in scorn—  
And into the meadows went the sheep,  
And the cows went into the corn.

By and by, when they found Boy Blue  
*In the merest doze*, he took the blame.  
It was very fine, I think, don't you?  
Not to mention Bo-Peep's name.

Thus it has happened that all these years

He has borne the blame she ought to share.

Since I know the truth of it, it appears

To me to be only fair.

To tell the story from shore to shore,

From sea to sea, and from sun to sun,

Because, as I think I said before,

I like to see justice done.

And, whatever you've read or seen or heard,

Believe me children, I tell the true

And only genuine (take my word)

Story of Little Boy Blue.

















